MY PEOPLE *of the* PLAINS

Bishop Talbot

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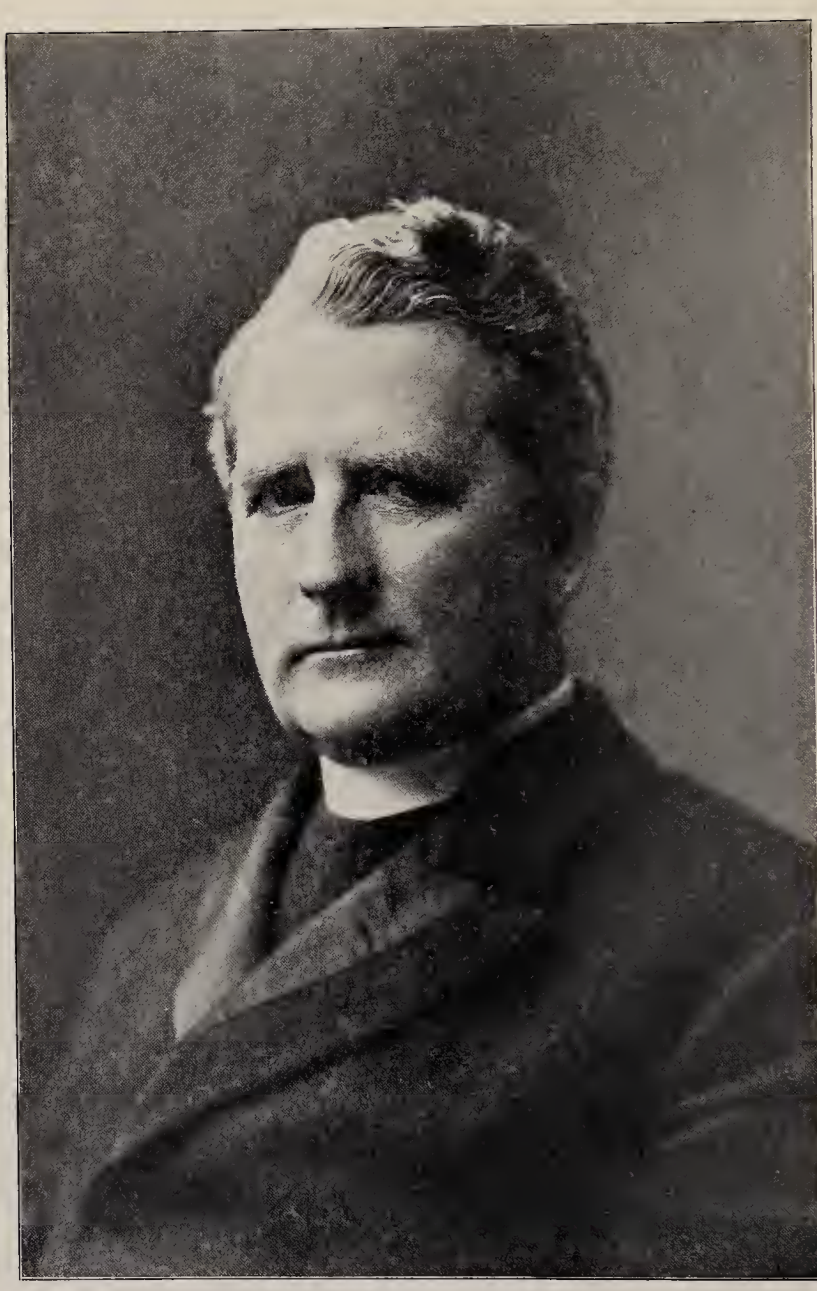

ETHELBERT TALBOT

MY PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND
ETHELBERT TALBOT, D.D., S.T.D.
BISHOP OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA

ILLUSTRATED

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TO THE

LOYAL FRIENDS IN WYOMING AND IDAHO

WHOSE LOVE HE WILL ALWAYS CHERISH, AND TO
THAT LARGE COMPANY OF GENEROUS HELPERS IN
THE EAST WHO HELD UP HIS HANDS DURING
ELEVEN YEARS OF A MISSIONARY BISHOP'S
LIFE, THESE REMINISCENCES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

THE experiences herein related took place during the eleven years in which the author had the great privilege of ministering as a bishop to the warm-hearted and generous pioneers of the Rocky Mountain region embraced in the territory now included in the states of Wyoming and Idaho. During that time, he had the happiness of knowing the people as they lived in the mining-camp, on the ranch, in the excitement of the round-up, as they followed their herds of sheep, or indulged in the recreation of hunting big game in the forests or sage-chicken on the plains, or as they beguiled the happy hours with rod and line in that angler's paradise.

A more kindly hospitality no bishop ever received, and, as he recalls those years after the lapse of time, they are as vivid as the memory of yesterday's events. It has been a positive delight and refreshment, in the midst of the busy life of an Eastern bishop, to live over again the scenes so fondly cherished, and to summon before him the familiar faces of the friends whom he then learned to honor and to love.

The peculiar conditions in whose atmosphere this

recital was made possible no longer exist; for the advent of the railroad, and the consequent customs and usages of the East, have caused that civilization, which had in it all the fascination of romance and adventure, to pass away.

Some of the stories with which this volume is made less tedious will no doubt be familiar to those of his readers who have heard the author relate them in his missionary addresses, when from time to time he would visit the East to gather funds to enable him to build the churches and schools in his widely scattered field, or to get men to aid him in the work of evangelization.

If he has not laid as much emphasis on the difficulties and discouragements which he encountered as upon the brighter side of his experience, it is not because there were no obstacles to overcome, but rather because, in the retrospect, the more pleasant memories stand out in bold relief. Even when the anxieties and responsibilities of his official life weighed most heavily upon him, the writer was often vouchsafed some measure of that saving grace of humor which enabled him to meet situations otherwise insuperable, and to gather courage whereby he could with better patience await results.

If in any small degree he has been enabled to put in more permanent form the picture of the life of the Far West as he then knew it, and thus to crystallize a civilization now almost, if not entirely, gone, perhaps he will have made some slight contribution

to the history of that typically American part of our country, not only on its ecclesiastical, but also on its social and economic side.

Necessarily, in recounting the events so closely identified with his own life and work, these stories have assumed an autobiographical character to a larger extent than the author could wish. He can only humbly crave the indulgence of his readers if this feature should be more prominent than the canons of good taste might seem to justify.

E. T.

MY PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS

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CHAPTER I

WYOMING AND IDAHO IN 1887

IT was at the General Convention which met in Chicago in October, 1886, that the missionary district of Wyoming and Idaho was created by the House of Bishops, and I was elected as its first bishop. Until that time Wyoming had been placed under the provisional care of the Rt. Rev. John Franklin Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Colorado, while Idaho had formed a part of the extensive field committed to the Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D.D., who had also at one time under his jurisdiction Montana and, more recently, Utah. As Bishop Tuttle had recently been called to be Bishop of Missouri, thus leaving Idaho without episcopal supervision, and as the rapid growth and development of the new State of Colorado demanded the entire time of its own bishop, it was deemed expedient to combine Wyoming and Idaho into one missionary district.

When the telegram informing me that I had been

elected Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho reached me, I was the rector of St. James's Church, Macon, Missouri, and also head-master of St. James's Military Academy, which I had established in the same town. This was a school for boys which had grown from small beginnings to an institution demanding my entire time, and in which I was deeply interested. Therefore, when the summons came to go west as a bishop, I hesitated, for I had cherished the purpose of devoting my life to the work of Christian education among boys. After considering the matter for about six months, I made up my mind to decline the honor of being a bishop and abide by my chosen work.

This decision having been reached, I had already written to the presiding bishop, and was about to post the letter setting forth the reasons that impelled me to remain with the school, when, unexpectedly, I received a communication from another venerable and much-beloved bishop. This was the Bishop of Springfield, who, it seems, had nominated me in the House of Bishops. He had been my professor and my dean in the General Theological Seminary. He addressed me with great solemnity and plainness of speech. He reminded me that I had been chosen unanimously by the House of Bishops, after a celebration of the Holy Communion, in which the guidance of the Holy Spirit had been invoked. He said he had heard that I was about to disobey the authoritative command of my fathers and refuse to

take up the great work to which they had chosen me; that he understood the reason I intended to give was that I had a school to which I was attached; that he had never heard of the school until recently, and that he ventured to believe few persons outside of the State of Missouri knew of its existence; that no doubt the school needed, more than anything else, a new head, and would develop unsuspected strength if it could only be relieved of my presence; that he was amazed that I should hesitate, as a good soldier, to obey when commanded; that, in the great empire to which the Church was sending me, I should have ample opportunity to found schools and Christian institutions and to guide the plastic life of a new country. In conclusion, the bishop pleaded with me to have the courage to do what I had been bidden under the highest and most solemn sanction.

As I thought it over, it gradually dawned upon me that the good bishop was right and I was wrong; that what seemed to me a large thing was, after all, comparatively small; and that it was a vain delusion to imagine myself at all necessary to the life of the school. Succeeding years have borne out the bishop's prophecy so far as the school is concerned. It soon became large and rich and strong, and is now doing a work for the Mississippi Valley which it could never have accomplished with the limited means and poor leadership at my command.

I was consecrated bishop in Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, on May 27, 1887. In the latter

part of the following July I left for Wyoming. My objective point was Cheyenne. I remember that Bishop Whipple, who officiated as my consecrator, said: "My young brother, Cheyenne is the richest town of its size in the whole world to-day." The bishop had a son, Major Charles Whipple, paymaster in the army, whose headquarters were in that city. But even when the bishop spoke, a serious change had taken place in Cheyenne. It had until then been the home of the great cattle kings, and, no doubt, there was much truth in the statement as to its enormous wealth; but the memorable winter of 1886–1887 witnessed an almost complete destruction of the cattle on the plains. It was conservatively estimated that seventy-five out of every one hundred head perished in the blizzards that raged with such merciless severity during that long winter. So profitable had the cattle interest become that those engaged in it had felt justified in investing all they had in that business, and also in mortgaging their credit to the uttermost limit and going heavily in debt. The result was that, when the crisis came, not only were the cattle gone, but large liabilities and no assets wherewith to meet them faced those who had counted their wealth by hundreds of thousands and even millions. It took years for Wyoming to recover from the wide-spread and desolating losses then incurred, and the depression of feeling resting upon the little city of Cheyenne at the time of my

first visit was pathetically evident. Still, the people were brave and full of hope under the wise leadership of their beloved rector, the Rev. Dr. George C. Rafter. A substantial stone church had been erected and roof put on, but there was no money to be had wherewith to complete the interior. A loan — long since paid off — was soon negotiated with the Church Building Fund Commission in New York, and the church was finished.

The question of the bishop's residence at once confronted me. Cheyenne, Laramie, and Rawlins, in Wyoming, and Boisé in Idaho, were all kind enough to invite me. At last a proposition from Laramie, agreeing to build a suitable house, was accepted. Here the State university had been located, and it was also less remote from the centre of the vast field. While the question was still pending, I remember that the venerable rector of Rawlins pointed out a mansard-roof house of considerable size, which he assured me would be given if only I would make that city my home. He added that, so far as meat was concerned, all I should have to do would be to step out on the hills adjoining the house and, with my Winchester, bring down a fine elk whenever it was needed. At that time there was only one railroad, the Union Pacific, which skirted the southern border of Wyoming, and, under the name of the Oregon Short Line, ran diagonally through the State of Idaho. My diocese comprised a territory larger than all the New Eng-

land and Middle States combined, with the State of Maryland included; and from Cheyenne in the southwestern corner to the northern end of the Pan-Handle—touching the British possessions—in Idaho, by the course one had to travel, the distance was over fifteen hundred miles.

I soon ascertained that the population was small and scattered in little communities, or grouped in mining-camps far away from the railway. Only ten churches were to be found in Wyoming, and four in Idaho. If the people were to be reached at all, it could only be accomplished by long journeys by stage or buck-board, or by mountain trails, impassable in winter.

My impressions of the people who lived along the line of the railroad was that they were bright, intelligent, and enterprising. While not irreligious, many of them, through lack of regular services, had become careless about attending church. They were glad to welcome the clergyman in their midst, and, whether church-goers or not, would often contribute liberally towards the maintenance of the work. In nearly every instance they had been affiliated in their homes, "back East," with some religious body.

After having visited the places accessible by rail, I began to seek acquaintance with the remote settlements in the interior. Here the scattered population were chiefly engaged in stock-raising, including cattle, horses, and sheep.

The blizzards that destroyed so many herds in Wyoming did not rage so furiously in Idaho, although causing much damage there. The large, open plains, generally without fences, gave ample range to the various herds. Each company or owner had a brand which was duly registered, thus preempting it from use by others. This brand was burned on the new calves at the round-ups, of which there were two every year, in the spring and autumn. These were about the only occasions when the managers of the ranches actually saw their cattle. The herds, which ranged over a certain large district, were corralled and driven by the cow-boys to one place of rendezvous, and then each owner "cut out," or separated, such of his cattle as were ready to be shipped to market, branded the calves, took account of the stock, and made their reports. The cattle were then turned loose until the next round-up.

One great source of loss in the cattle business in those days came from the unscrupulous thieves who, between the round-up periods, would catch and put their own brands on calves following cows belonging to other herds. After the calf was weaned it was impossible to tell to which herd it belonged, and the brand became *prima facie* evidence of ownership. These cattle, thus practically stolen, were called "mavericks," and so adroitly was the practice carried out that it was next to impossible to prove the crime. When evidence was secured, no mercy was shown the thief. Stealing cattle or

horses became a more heinous offence than that of killing a human being, and was frequently punished by the summary process of lynch-law. On one occasion a certain woman who had long been suspected, and who bore an unsavory reputation, when her guilt became unmistakably clear, was taken from her home by a party of men and pitilessly hung. Such was the public sentiment in a matter of so grave moment to the chief business interest of the State that no jury could be found to return a verdict of guilty against the perpetrator of the deed. So well was this understood that frequently no arrests were made. It seemed necessary to strike terror into the minds of the evilly disposed by such heroic measures, unless, indeed, cattle-raising were to be abandoned altogether. One can easily see how great the temptation to steal and what abundant facilities were offered. Hence the deterring influences had to be correspondingly severe.

It was not the custom at that time to feed the cattle during the winter, and they were left entirely at the mercy of the elements, which sometimes proved fatal. A new era has now dawned in this respect, and, through the increased area of irrigated lands, much hay is cut, and the large, open ranges have given place to fenced enclosures where the stock is carefully protected. This change is at once in the interest of mercy and thrift. Since it has been adopted, the percentage of loss from the severe

winters has been greatly reduced; and, while the herds have become smaller, the business has been more reliable and yielded better profits. It has, however, practically eliminated the cow-boy, who once figured so picturesquely in the life of the West.

Horse-raising assumed at one time a large commercial importance and assured good returns. The horse was a better "rustler," as it was termed, than the steer, and could make his way through the snow and find his provender, while the unfortunate cattle would starve. Hence, the losses in horse-raising were comparatively small, and, when the market was brisk, there was a large marginal profit. That industry has been seriously affected by the modern methods of locomotion, such as the trolley, bicycle, and automobile. On the other hand, there has been, from time to time, a greatly increased demand, on account of the war with Spain and the South African struggle, which called for large consignments of horses. The quality of the Western bronco —the product of the hard conditions under which he has grown—has made him famous for toughness of fibre and a certain kind of villany when his temper is aroused.

Perhaps one of the most profitable industries in that western land in 1887 was sheep-growing. The high plateaus, foot-hills, and mountain lands, where the grass is very nutritious, furnished excellent pasturage for sheep, which, by instinct, can dig down through the snow and get their food, and thus

survive the winter. One man often owns a herd numbering many thousand. A notable sheepman of my acquaintance possessed as many as eighty thousand head. The flock assigned to one sheep-herder numbers from two to three thousand, rarely more. The life of a sheep-herder is a peculiarly lonely one. Often months pass without giving him the opportunity of seeing a human being. His faithful dog is his only companion. He generally has a team and a covered wagon in which he sleeps at night during the winter, and wherein he stores the necessary provisions for his daily food. It is his duty to seek the best available pasturage, and, when the grass in one neighborhood has been exhausted, to drive the flock to a new and fresh supply. It is not to be wondered at that such a life often ends in insanity. It is said that the asylums are repleted year by year by a large contingent of these unfortunates. Indeed, their lot is a most pathetic one, and they sometimes even lose the power of speech and forget their own names. Their condition is often rendered more pitiable from the fact that between the cattle and sheepmen a most bitter antagonism exists. This has been caused by dissensions arising from the occupation of pasture-land. Where a flock of sheep has long run no food is left for cattle, for they eat the grass so closely and trample the ground in such a manner as to destroy it for other stock. Where the land all belongs to the government, one has, technically, as much right

as another. The advent of a large flock of sheep is always resented by the cow-boy, and many have been the deadly feuds that have arisen. In the interests of peace, a sort of distribution is sometimes made, allotting large areas to the sheepmen with the understanding that they do not invade the territory reserved for other stock.

In addition to the population engaged in the above vocations should be mentioned those living in the valleys where farming is practicable by reason of the facilities there found for water from irrigating ditches. Through the large government appropriations made during President Roosevelt's administration, this farming element is rapidly increasing, and is destined to become influential. Mr. Roosevelt's personal knowledge of the Far West has led him to see that the government could not possibly make a wiser investment than thus to redeem by water the millions of acres now practically desert land. The soil is very rich and produces enormously when supplied by water. I believe it was Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who, on the floor of the Senate many years ago, was pleading in vain for such an appropriation. In the course of his remarks, he is quoted as saying,

"Gentlemen, I do not hesitate to declare that only two things are necessary to make that country one of the fairest and most attractive on the face of the earth. Those two things are plenty of water and good society."

At this point one of his colleagues, who was opposing the appropriation and who was somewhat of a wag, rose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, with your permission, may I ask the Senator from Nevada a question?"

"Certainly," said the chairman.

"Did I understand the Senator from Nevada to say that plenty of water and good society are the only two things that his country needs?"

"That is just precisely what I said," replied the Senator.

"Then, may I venture to remind the Senator from Nevada that there is another region of which the Good Book speaks, where the only two things necessary are plenty of water and good society. I do not mean, of course, that, in other respects, Nevada is at all like that place."

Still, the Senator was right, after all, and when the water is supplied, as it soon will be, that wilderness must inevitably blossom as the rose.

Before closing this description of the constituent elements that made up my diversified diocese, I must mention the Indians. Those on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming were allotted ecclesiastically by General Grant to the care of the Episcopal Church. Their first missionary was the Reverend John Roberts, who went to that reservation about twenty-five years ago. He was a Welshman and a university graduate. He was ordained by the great Bishop Selwyn, who had recently been trans-

lated from the South Sea Islands, where he had done such heroic service. After his ordination, Mr. Roberts asked his bishop's blessing and permission to leave his native country and cross the Atlantic and devote his life to the service of the North American Indian in the Far West. The bishop had a very high opinion of the young priest, and had already determined to place him in an important position, but his own missionary heart beat in loving sympathy with the cause, and, as much as he loved Roberts, he could not hesitate to wish him God-speed. The young clergyman, therefore, left for New York, where he offered himself to our Board of Missions for work among the Indians. At that time the Rev. Dr. Twing was our general secretary. It happened that the Bishop of Colorado, who had charge of Wyoming, was looking for a good man to send to the Wind River Reservation, where the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes had just been settled. The Rev. Mr. Roberts's arrival was most opportune, and he proceeded immediately to the field of his labors. It was in December, and the journey involved the long stage-ride from Rawlins to Fort Washakie. The party was overtaken by a blizzard on their way, and narrowly escaped freezing to death. Upon reaching the Indian reservation, the new missionary was welcomed by the government agent and made at home by the officers and soldiers recently stationed at Fort Washakie. It was not long before he had established cordial relations be-

tle with the whites. His mother committed him to the care of an officer, and he was later adopted into the family of Captain and Mrs. Coolidge, of the army, who brought him up as a member of their own family. Having early expressed a desire to study for holy orders, and to return and preach the Gospel to his own people, he was sent to Shattuck School, Faribault, where Bishop Whipple took a warm personal interest in him. After being graduated at Shattuck, he entered the Seabury Divinity School, and finished the course in theology. Subsequently he pursued a post-graduate course at Hobart College. The case of the Rev. Mr. Coolidge furnishes an excellent illustration of what education and the refining influences of a Christian home may accomplish for the red-man. This worthy clergyman is, in every respect, an honor to his race. He is a cultivated, Christian gentleman. In physical form and feature he is a fine specimen of the Arapahoe tribe, tall, erect, broad-shouldered, and full-chested. His presence is at once commanding and dignified. For more than twenty years he has faithfully served his people. Recently Mr. Coolidge had the good fortune to marry a devout and accomplished young woman from New York. Miss Wetherbee had taken a course of study in the deaconess house in that city, and then went to the Wind River agency to assist the Rev. Mr. Roberts in his missionary work. She brings to the discharge of her duties intelligence and great enthusiasm, and her marriage to the Rev. Mr.

Coolidge will mean much in the way of advancing the spiritual and social condition of the Indian women and children.

Such, in 1887, were the conditions, economic and religious, of the people to whom I was sent as the first missionary bishop of Wyoming and Idaho.

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY

IT was a typical Wyoming day in August. The air was crisp and cool and bracing. The stage left Cheyenne promptly at six in the morning. As one seated himself beside the driver on the high box, which is considered the choice place and must be reserved in advance, and breathed the ozone of the plains, a peculiar sense of exhilaration came over him. It was my first stage-ride in the Far West. I began to congratulate myself on the prospect of an enjoyable time. I have since learned, by long experience, that the best part of a stage-ride is the first hour or two. After one has ridden all day and all night, and perhaps the greater part of the second day, the idea of enjoyment has departed. They change horses every fifteen or twenty miles, and the driver is relieved at nightfall by some one to take his place, but the unfortunate passenger who is booked to the end of the route gets no change. On this occasion it was about four in the afternoon on the second day that I arrived at my destination. I was covered with alkali-dust, and must have looked as unlike a bishop as possible.

As the stage halted and I alighted, I was cordially greeted by a man in his shirt-sleeves. He offered his services, and said he thought I looked like a parson. After a little conversation, I told him who I was.

"Why, are you the bishop? Well, I am delighted to see you. What can I do for you?"

I asked him if he could tell me where my old friend from Missouri, Mr. Robinson, lived.

"Do you mean Billy Robinson?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "They used to call him 'William' back in Missouri, but that is the man."

"Oh yes," said he, "I know Billy Robinson well. In fact, I busted broncos for Billy for two years. Billy is a fine fellow. Everybody knows Billy. And so you are a friend of Billy Robinson! How glad he will be to see you! He lives about two miles out of town. He has a big ranch, and is getting rich. Bishop, if you will let me, I will be proud to take you out to Billy's place."

I thanked him for his offer.

He then said, "I am sorry, Bishop, not to give you a carriage. It is a pity not to give a bishop a carriage, but there are no carriages here. This is a new town. But can you ride a bronco?"

"Oh yes, thank you," I replied. "I was brought up on a farm and educated on a mule and am familiar with horses, and I think I can manage a bronco."

"Good," he said. "Now, Bishop, I have two

broncos. One bucks pretty hard and the other bucks kind o' mild."

"Well," said I, "suppose you let me have the one that bucks kind of mild."

Accordingly, we were soon galloping towards Billy Robinson's ranch. My bronco proved to be literally a "mild" bucker, and only indulged that natural tendency on one occasion, when I jumped him over a pair of bars, and my valise, which I was holding in front, fell on his neck. As we reached the outskirts of the little village, I remember my new friend said to me:

"Say, Bishop, I want to put myself straight with you. I believe in a square deal. I don't want you to get the idea that I am one of your religious fellows, for I am not. I am a Bob Ingersoll man through and through, and all of us boys here are Bob Ingersoll men, and we take the *Boston Investigator*. My name is Billy Bartlett, and I run this saloon here in town. When I saw you get out of the stage, I thought you looked sort o' lonesome-like, and made up my mind to give you the glad-hand."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and tried to set him at ease by assuring him that I did not think Mr. Ingersoll so bad a man after all; that I thought him a good citizen and a kind father, and believed he loved his fellow-man; and that I had often thought that if I did not care what I believed as to the future, I might be a Bob Ingersoll man myself.

"Especially," I added, facetiously, "if I were engaged in your line of business."

"But tell me, Mr. Bartlett," I continued, "what is the *Boston Investigator?* I have often heard of Boston, but never, until now, of the *Boston Investigator.*"

"Ah," said he, "that is Bob's paper. It has lots of jokes in it, and Bob pokes fun at Moses and the Bible, and we boys all sit around the stove at night and laugh."

So the conversation went on. He reminded me that "back East" he used to go to church, and that his uncle was a "Second Advent" preacher, but that he had not been to "meetin'" once since he came West, nearly ten years ago.

"Why, Bishop," he added, "you are the first preacher that ever came to this town."

I assured him that, as the town was new and far distant from the railroad, the church was a little late in coming; but that I hoped some arrangement might be made to have regular services maintained.

Soon we came in sight of Mr. Robinson's ranch, and seeing a man coming out of the barn, Mr. Bartlett exclaimed:

"There he is. That's Billy Robinson. Now, Bishop, you must just keep this bronco and use him the rest of the day. I have no further use for him, and to-night you can ride him into church. Billy Robinson will want to show you his cattle and horses and sheep and his fine ranch and irrigating

ditches, and then he will give you a good supper and bring you in to meetin'. So, if you will excuse me, Bishop, I will go back in town and round-up all the boys."

"Oh, thank you very much," said I. "But I do not think that is at all necessary, Mr. Bartlett, for I sent your postmaster a number of printed notices announcing the service for this evening in the school-house. I also wrote him a polite note and asked him to be good enough to let all the people know of my coming in advance."

"Ah, but Bishop, that plan did not work at all. No doubt the postmaster got your circulars, but he is the meanest Bob Ingersoll man in the whole business. He probably stuck all your posters in the stove. No, the people don't know you're coming. Why, I didn't even know it myself. So you must let me go, and I'll send out some cow-boys on their broncos, and we'll round-up every galoot in the country, and pack that school-house for you."

With that remark he turned his horse around and was about to leave, when it occurred to me that I had made no provision for the music.

"Excuse me, Mr. Bartlett," I said, "but do you sing?"

"Now, Bishop," he replied, "who gave me away? Who told you that I sing? You have caught right on to my racket. It just happens that I am a jo-dandy at singing, and I also play the fiddle and the organ."

"How fortunate I am," I remarked. "Then will you take charge of the music?"

He demurred at first, and said he did not think a fellow of his kind was "fit for that business." But I insisted. I told him we should not try the chants or anything difficult, but simply have some old familiar hymns, like "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus Lover of My Soul." At last he said:

"Well, Bishop, if you say so, it is a go. I'll do my best."

After spending the rest of the day with Mr. Robinson, renewing the old associations and memories of our life in Missouri, and enjoying the excellent supper so hospitably provided for me, we rode back to the town. To my surprise, the school-house was indeed crowded. Every available space in the little building was filled. Never in my life did I preach a sermon where I was given a more reverent and attentive hearing. As to Billy Bartlett, who presided at the organ, he sang, as his friends said, "like a bird." After the service he came up to me, and, with tears in his eyes, grasped my hand. With much emotion he thanked me, and said:

"Bishop, that talk will do us boys a world of good. That is the kind of stuff that we fellers need. Can't you stay over and give us another to-morrow night? There are some of the boys who couldn't get here to-night who would like to hear you. And are we never to have a church? Can't you send us a preacher? Bishop, if you will send us a preacher,

all of us chaps will pitch in and support him and stand by him."

It was not long after this visit that I was able to secure a young man for that region who proved most acceptable. Nothing could have been more admirable than the manly spirit with which he threw himself into his work, and soon won the hearts of those sturdy pioneers; and I had the happiness to dedicate a seemly church which they so generously helped to build.

It was a year later that I visited the same place. Meanwhile, I had attended the great missionary council which met in the city of Washington. It was held in the Church of the Epiphany, and Bishop Whipple was in the chair. It was late when I entered the crowded building, and I had some difficulty in finding a seat. Some one was delivering a missionary address. When he closed, Bishop Whipple arose, and, pointing his long finger towards the remote part of the church in which I sat, said:

"I see the Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho has just come in. Come this way, my young brother."

As I had had no intimation that I should be called on to speak, it was rather an embarrassing situation; but I had to obey. When I reached the platform, the good bishop put his arm around me, and said:

"Now, my brother, tell us something about the progress of the Kingdom out in the Rockies."

Having no speech prepared, I launched forth as

best I could, and among other things told the people, as I have tried to tell my readers now, the story of Billy Bartlett and Billy Robinson and the bucking bronco. I dwelt upon the great kindness these two good friends had shown me, and described the solemn and impressive service in that little school-house on the prairies. I little dreamed that every word I uttered was being taken down by the reporter of the *Washington Post.* The article found its way to Denver, and appeared in the *Denver Republican* and the *Rocky Mountain News.* It was copied in the northern Wyoming papers. Of all this I was blissfully ignorant. And now, after the lapse of a whole year, I was revisiting the scene of my first missionary visit. I had driven through a blinding snow-storm to Billy Robinson's ranch. He was expecting me. He bade me alight and go into the little sitting-room which was his bachelor headquarters. I was chilled from long exposure to the cold and wind. Billy Robinson was putting my horses in his stable. As I stood by the stove warming myself I could not but admire and wonder at the orderly neatness which characterized the little room. Just behind the stove-pipe was an evergreen wreath. Suspended from a pin within the circle was a clipping from a newspaper. Naturally I was interested in it. I thought it probable that it was the obituary notice of Billy Robinson's mother, who had recently died. I drew nearer. Imagine my surprise as I read the heading, "A

Hustling Bishop from the Wild West." There was my Washington speech recounting my hearty reception by the two Billys a year ago. As I was engaged in reading it, Billy Robinson came in.

"Ah, Bishop," he said, "I see you are reading it. Why, you gave us a great send-off. That speech of yours has been read from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As soon as I saw it I went out and made that wreath for mine. Billy Bartlett has had his put in a nobby frame, and says he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it."

Of course it was delightful to feel that they were pleased, and had not considered for a moment that I had committed any breach of hospitality.

My good friend Robinson is still flourishing in his cattle business in Wyoming, while Billy Bartlett has given up his saloon and is making an honest living on a ranch away out in the State of Washington.

CHAPTER III

OLD CHIEF WASHAKIE

GENERAL GRANT, when President, adopted the plan of parcelling out the various Indian tribes and reservations among the several religious bodies engaged in Indian work. Thus it happened that to the Episcopal Church, under the leadership of Bishop Spalding, of Colorado, then in charge of Wyoming, the Wind River Reservation was allotted. That was early in the eighties, just previous to my going West. In this beautiful valley of the Wind River, embracing a territory of ten thousand square miles, two noted tribes were domiciled—the Shoshones and the Arapahoes. Their relations were not of the most cordial character, for hereditary feuds and occasional warlike sallies had from time to time disturbed that perfect mutual concord so important for neighbors to maintain. But the government hoped that, as the reservation was so large, being over one hundred miles square, the two tribes could live far apart, and have abundant room wherein to avoid collision. It must be admitted that, for the most part, serious tribal difficulties have been avoided. Each tribe prides itself on its

superiority to the other, and it would be deemed a disgrace for a Shoshone warrior to marry an Arapahoe maiden, and vice versa. The presence, however, of a military garrison of Uncle Sam's troops, which has always been maintained by the government, has had a pacifying effect on any bellicose feelings that have from time to time arisen.

Since the Shoshones migrated to the Wind River—indeed, long before that date, until a few years ago—they have had but one chief, old Washakie, as he was familiarly known. The Indian word Washakie is said to mean "Shoots-on-the-fly," and may bear witness to the deadly and unerring aim for which the chief was famous. This reputation, coupled with his bravery, inspired much terror in the minds of the surrounding tribes. As a ruler of his people, Washakie was as autocratic as any Russian czar. In securing certain police supervision over the Indians, the government agent soon discovered that it was wiser and, in the long run, more humane to let Washakie, with the full knowledge of the commanding officer, exercise his unlimited monarchy, rather than interfere. The government learned that the chief could be trusted; that he kept his word and meant to be loyal. The fact was also quickly recognized that his word was law to his tribe. If any insubordination manifested itself, it was wiser to allow him to suppress it in his own way than to send the troops among them. So the agent, on hearing of anything that

required attention, would summon the old chief and lay the matter before him. No time was lost in effecting a remedy. If it meant that somebody must die, it seemed best that Washakie should do the killing rather than that the government should incur the odium of being the executor. On one occasion it was reported to the Indian agent that a certain Shoshone buck was in the habit of beating unmercifully his squaw. The chief was summoned.

"Washakie," said the agent, "I am informed that Six Feathers is beating his wife. Do you allow your men to do that sort of thing?"

"Oh," said Washakie, "sometimes we beat them when they are bad."

"Well," said the agent, "I am sent here by Uncle Sam to see that such cruelty is stopped. Will you see to this case?"

"Yes," said Washakie, "I will speak to Six Feathers."

In a few days Washakie returned and said to the agent: "Colonel, Six Feathers no more beat his squaw. Me fix him."

"Why, what do you mean, Washakie?" said the agent.

"Oh," said Washakie, "me kill him. Me find him beating her. Me tell him white man say stop. Two sleeps go by. Me find him beating squaw again. Me shoot him, and drag him out to the rocks."

It is needless to say that wife-beating from that

time forth greatly abated among the Shoshones. It only cost one buck, and Washakie, and not the government, had killed him.

Tradition has it that some years before I knew him, Washakie himself had not been free from blame, in that he had disposed of his mother-in-law. But he was the chief and had absolute rights, and the government could not wisely interfere with his domestic rule. The story is that on one occasion Washakie went hunting. Before leaving he ordered his squaw to move his tepee to a higher point of ground, for it was getting damp in the valley. He was gone a week. When he returned he was cold and tired and cross. Approaching his tent he saw with much disgust that the wigwam stood just where he had left it. He was not accustomed to being disobeyed even by his squaw. Entering his home he said:

"Did I not tell you to move this tepee?"

"Yes," said his squaw, seeing fire in the old man's eye.

"Then why did you not do it?"

"Because," said she, "my mother would not permit me."

Then there ensued a passage-at-arms between the chief and his mother-in-law, and Washakie, in a fit of unbridled rage, cruelly slew the offending old woman.

I hope my readers will not unduly blame me for narrating this incident, for already it has brought

upon my innocent head at least one serious reprimand. It was in Buffalo, New York. I was the guest of a prominent rector much beloved by his people. He had sent for me that I might inspire some missionary zeal in the hearts of his flock. He told me that they were a kind and thoughtful people, and towards him personally most gracious and considerate. He said they would give any amount of money for their own city or parish, but that he had tried in vain to get them interested in the cause of missions, foreign or domestic. He added that about a half dozen men of wealth sat in the front pews near the pulpit, and he hoped I might induce them to give liberally towards the cause which I represented. So I went at them. I told them of the poverty of my scattered flock on the big prairies; described how a few hundred dollars would enable me to send a clergyman here or there; explained that with five hundred dollars, aided by the people themselves, I could build a much-needed little church. But my appeals did not seem to move them. Then I told them some pathetic stories of suffering and self-denial on the part of my missionaries. Again I tried the effect of some facetious incidents; but all in vain. Finally, becoming desperate, I narrated the story of old Washakie killing his mother-in-law, and reminded my hearers that even such a cruel and hard-hearted savage as he had been had come under the fascination of the Gospel story, and was now a good Chris-

OLD CHIEF WASHAKIE

tian. No greater testimony to the power of Christianity could be given, I added, than that a man mean enough to kill his mother-in-law had been converted. Then the plates went round. One man tore out the fly-leaf of his prayer-book and wrote, "Call on me for fifty dollars for that old chief that killed his mother-in-law. My heart goes out to him." Another wrote on a scrap of paper, "I have given the Bishop all I had in my pocket, but call on me for twenty-five dollars more for that old chief." About thirteen hundred and sixty dollars was gathered in for the Indian school.

After the service I received in the vestry-room a card. It was evidently from some one in mourning. I asked the rector who the lady was. He said she was a devout and wealthy parishioner, and added: "See her, by all means." When she stood before me I saw there was trouble ahead. She told me she had been so much interested in the early part of my address. "But," she continued, "I was deeply disappointed that you told that horrible incident about that cruel old chief who killed his mother-in-law." She said she dearly loved her mother-in-law, whom she had recently lost, and that it was evident I had taken delight in venting my own personal feelings against mothers-in-law. It was not until I had assured her that no personal experience had inspired my recital, and that a strange and inscrutable Providence had denied me a mother-in-law, that she completely forgave me,

and produced a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, which she had brought to church for me, and we parted excellent friends.

To return to the old chief. His hair had turned white when as yet he was a young man. His people explain it as having been caused by his remorse and grief at the loss of his son, a brave young warrior, killed by the Sioux. The circumstances were as follows: Washakie and a band of warriors, among whom was this son whom he idolized, were camping some distance from the reservation. The lad, with two companions, had gone with Washakie's consent to the hills for big game. While they were absent a band of hostile Sioux had surprised the camp and killed a number of Washakie's bravest and best men, but they had been driven off, and many of them slain by the chief's own hand. As the survivors were retreating the three young hunters returned. Washakie, in his rage and excitement, reproached his boy with being cowardly in running off in the time of battle, forgetting, for the moment, that he had given him permission to go. The young man, stung under the rebuke, asked which way the Sioux went, and seeing the dust in the far distance, followed with his two companions after the retreating Sioux. At last they overtook them, and killed and scalped several of the number, but in the fray Washakie's brave boy was slain and scalped. When his companions got back and told the story of his death it was nearly

dark. Washakie, in great agony of soul, withdrew into his tent and threw himself on the ground, groaning, and in unutterable sorrow passed the long night. He was then in the full vigor of manhood; but when the day dawned it was found that the chief's hair was snow white, and ever afterwards he could not speak of his son without tears. It was thought that he blamed himself for unjustly taunting the youth with cowardice, and thus driving him into that act of desperation that he might redeem himself in his father's eyes.

Washakie was without fear, and his prowess and skill were so well known that hostile tribes dreaded him as invincible. Numerous stories have been handed down to illustrate how the old chief, sometimes against terrible odds, put to flight his enemies. He was rather proud of his martial deeds, and during the later years of his life was wont to entertain himself and his friends by placing on record a sort of autobiographical sketch of his most noted victories. The method he adopted to accomplish this was a striking one. He could neither read nor write, nor did he ever learn to speak English with any facility. But he fell upon the plan of representing upon canvas his battles. On the four walls of his log cabin he tacked up strips of cloth three feet wide, and on that white background the old man would try his hand as an artist. For paint he used the red and blue and yellow pebbles which he picked up along the banks of the Wind River.

With this primitive outfit he worked away until all around his room were to be witnessed the scenes of his valor. On one occasion when I visited him he said to his friend and pastor, the Reverend John Roberts: "Tell the Bishop I want him to see Washakie killing the Sioux." He would then point out with evident glee, beginning at the first, all his battles. In every case it was easy to recognize himself as the chief figure. In one instance he represented himself as hiding behind a tree, while two Sioux, mounted on one horse, are approaching. Suddenly he lets fly an arrow that pierces through the bodies of both Indians, transfixing them in the agony of death. Again, he lies behind a log, concealed, as a party of Sioux draw near, all unsuspecting. He fires upon them, and they reel backward from their horses in answer to his deadly aim. In another picture he is scalping a great savage chieftain whom he has slain in mortal combat. He would delight in recalling all the details and bloody conflicts wherein he never failed to come out triumphant. His heart had become tender, and he had received with a certain unaffected and childlike simplicity the story of the cross and the great love of the Saviour who had died upon it for him. Indeed, I have seen him moved to tears as I read the Gospel account of the crucifixion, interpreted to him by Mr. Roberts. And yet, with the old savage instinct still surviving within in his nature, those reminiscences of the wild forest days

THE REV. JOHN ROBERTS AND HIS INDIAN SCHOOL

of tumult and slaughter gave him evident satisfaction.

The government for some years had made use of his services as a scout. His wide knowledge of the country, his fearlessness, and, above all, his loyalty to the flag, made him an ideal guide. He was also among the first of the Indian leaders to recognize the new era which was about to dawn upon his race, and to adjust himself and his people to the new conditions which it imposed. He early saw with prophetic vision that the only salvation for the red-man, destined to come into contact with the whites, was education, whereby his intelligence could be of use, and labor as a means of support and independence. He co-operated with the government in providing schools for his people, and did all in his power to encourage them to till the soil, put in crops, and learn to earn a living. It was in the interest of a government appropriation for the better education of his people, and that he might explain the need of agricultural implements, that he once made a pilgrimage to Washington.

The journey was a revelation to the old man. He had no idea of the magnitude of our country, its enormous resources, the hundreds of towns and cities through which he passed, and the countless numbers of white men in evidence everywhere. It overwhelmed at first and saddened him. He saw by contrast how comparatively small and insignificant a factor in the great swarming millions of peo-

ple the few scattered tribes of his own race constituted. He also reflected that the white man's power and wealth and greatness came from industry and agriculture and schools. He was philosopher enough to learn the lesson that the day of the buffalo and the wigwam and nomadic life was forever past.

As a friend of the church and the school, and a believer in the gospel of work and progress, General Grant learned to love and honor him. After Washakie returned home the President determined to send him some present, that the old chief and his people might know how highly he valued his services. At first a horse was thought of as a suitable token, but some one suggested that Washakie was rich in ponies. At last a saddle was decided upon, and General Grant gave order that no expense be spared in making his old friend the most beautiful and appropriate saddle possible. Red and blue and yellow, bright colors that appeal to the Indian's fancy, were to be lavished upon it, and every ornament and convenience that art could suggest. The saddle was duly made and sent to the colonel commanding the military garrison for presentation. The fort itself had been named Washakie in honor of the chief. When the present arrived a letter accompanied it from the President to the colonel, suggesting that the saddle be presented publicly, that all the Indians might appreciate its significance. The day appointed was an

ideal Wyoming day, clear and bright. The Indians gathered in large numbers. By invitation Black Coal, the chief of the Arapahoes, was there with his warriors, while the Shoshones turned out with great enthusiasm. When all was in readiness the colonel asked an orderly to hold up the saddle in full view of the assembled Indians, among whom Washakie stood foremost. In a few well-chosen words the commanding officer reminded them that the Great Father, General Grant, had not forgotten Washakie's visit, nor had he failed to appreciate all their chief had done for the nation and his own people. He knew that in the early days Washakie had saved the lives of innocent women and children; that he had never been upon the war-path against the whites; that he was a Christian, and a friend of the schools; that he believed in the importance of the red-man's learning to work in order to become independent and self-supporting; and that this beautiful saddle had been sent him as a slight testimonial of the great affection in which Washakie was held by the President of the United States.

Meanwhile, Washakie stood profoundly moved by all that had been said. With his arms folded, his lips quivering, and tears rolling down his cheeks, he stood speechless. At last the colonel said:

"Washakie, will you not send the Great Father some word of acknowledgment?"

The old man hesitated a moment, and then re-

plied: "Colonel, I cannot speak. My heart is so full that my tongue will not work."

"Oh, but," said the colonel, "Washakie, you must try to say something. Just a word, that the Great Father may know how highly you value his gift."

Then, struggling with his emotions, the old man said: "Well, colonel, it is very hard for an Indian to say thank you like a white man. When you do a kindness for a white man the white man feels it in his head, and his tongue talks. But when you do a kindness for a red-man, the red-man feels it in his heart. The heart has no tongue."

Surely this simple eloquence of his grateful friend must have appealed to General Grant's noble nature, and added to the pleasure he felt in being able to honor so faithful a public servant.

I have already referred to Washakie's religious nature and his interest in the church. He was a devoted friend to the Reverend John Roberts, who for over twenty-five years has been ministering to the Indians on that reservation. Again and again has Mr. Roberts assured me of Washakie's simple and earnest faith. Morning and night he was wont to pray to Him whom he spoke of now as the "Indian's friend," and again as "the Son of God." He was baptized by Mr. Roberts a number of years ago when he was lying critically ill. It happened that from the hour of his baptism he began to grow better rapidly, and was soon restored to perfect health. It was not strange that to a superstri-

tious people this remarkable recovery should have seemed entirely due to the magic effect of the baptism. Therefore, the Indians flocked in great numbers to the minister, begging him to baptize them in order that they also might receive some of "the same medicine" that saved the life of their beloved chief. It was difficult to make them understand that the real virtue of baptism was spiritual and not physical, and to make use of the occasion as a wholesome example for them to follow.

The last time I saw Washakie was at the close of the Spanish-American War. I had not been at the reservation for a whole year, and had come back from central Pennsylvania to make my final visitation. He greeted me as usual as "Big Chief of the White Robes," and begged Mr. Roberts to tell me of his sorrow at my leaving Wyoming; that he had not been well, and that he was growing old and feeble, and could no longer mount his horse from the ground without using the stirrup; but that he still prayed day by day to the Saviour. Then pausing, and looking earnestly at me, his face beamed with delight and satisfaction. He said to Mr. Roberts: "Tell the Bishop my heart is dancing for joy, because Uncle Sam's troops have whipped the Spanish." He was very patriotic.

It was not many months after this interview that the brave old man passed away. The same faithful friend and clergyman ministered to him in his last illness, and it was gratifying to me to know that

the loyal old warrior remembered me in his last hours. He was no longer able to speak, but he said to his minister in the sign-language: "Tell the good friend who has gone East that Washakie has found the right trail."

CHAPTER IV

A MINING-CAMP IN IDAHO

AS Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho my Sundays during the summer months were usually passed in the mining-camps of Idaho. At Chalice, Bay Horse, Clayton, Silver City, Idaho City, Placerville, Murray, Wallace, Wardner, and many others, services were held annually, and in some of these places churches were erected and clergymen maintained. In those days the visit of a bishop was an occasion of unusual interest. The camps, as a rule, were far from a railroad, and the annual visit of the bishop brought into the life of the place a new interest which, for the time being, was all absorbing. Especially was this the case where, as often happened, the bishop was the only minister of any religious body who visited the settlement from year to year. If any of the young people were looking forward to being married, the important question was, "When is the Bishop coming?" He could not be expected to make so long a journey simply to perform the ceremony, but it was often possible to so time the event as to have it coincide with his visit, and hence it was desirable that the date of

his coming should be widely published in the local papers some months in advance. Then there were the children to be baptized, when a feast was generally given and the neighbors invited to be present.

I recall very vividly my first visit to a certain mining-camp. It involved a stage-ride of seventy-five miles over a rough mountain-road. I reached the place about sundown on Friday evening. As I alighted from the stage-coach in front of the hotel a little man demurely presented himself. He extended his hand and asked:

"Is this the Bishop?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, Bishop, I am Brother May, the new minister. I arrived only yesterday. I am so glad to see you, Bishop; for this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck."

"Oh, well, do not be discouraged, my good brother," I answered, "for, if it is such a place as you describe, you and I are much needed here, and we shall find plenty of work to do. I shall see you a little later, and we shall have a good talk."

So I passed on into the hotel. As I registered my name I noticed behind the counter all the attractive paraphernalia of a first-class saloon. I was dusty and tired and hungry. After having made myself somewhat presentable, I was soon eagerly paying my respects to the various dishes set before me in the dining-room. Hunger is, indeed, the best sauce, and how I did relish the food in the mining-

camps after those stage-rides over the mountains! Dinner over, I returned to the hotel office. There I found Brother May awaiting me. I offered him a cigar, but he declined, with a look of some surprise that a bishop should be addicted to such a vice. I proposed a stroll up the cañon, for, after sitting on the stage-coach all day, I felt the need of a walk.

Brother May was very communicative. He proceeded to tell me the story of his life. He said he had been living in San Francisco; that as a boy he had been apprenticed to a printer, and had learned to set type, and might have done well, but had fallen into bad company and acquired the habit of drink; that he had also been addicted to gambling; that he had gone from bad to worse, until finally he had lost his position and his friends, and was an outcast. About that time there was a great revival in the city. He dropped in one night and became interested. He was gradually led to see the evil of his way, and determined, with God's help, to lead a new life. His conversion was so unmistakably the work of the spirit of God that he felt he must consecrate the remainder of his days to the preaching of the Gospel. He was over thirty years of age. He had no time to lose. The authorities of his church advised him to go to some theological seminary and prepare himself; but he told them that he knew the story of the cross, and the love of God, and felt eager to proclaim the message to men. He asked for no large place, no important church. Indeed,

he begged them to send him to the most neglected and sinful place to be found. "And so, Bishop," he said, "they sent me here. I came only yesterday. This is my first charge, and my church has certainly sent me to the most God-forsaken hole it could find."

I again tried to reassure him, and suggested that while, as he said, there were many saloons in the camp, it was not strange that such a situation should obtain, as there was no church and no minister before he came. I also expressed the hope that he would find the people kindly and warm-hearted and ready to co-operate with him in his efforts to do them good. But he evidently considered the prospect almost hopeless. We arranged that I should preach in the dance-hall on the morning and evening of the approaching Sunday, and that he should hold forth at four o'clock in the afternoon. I told him that at my eleven-o'clock service I should take pleasure in announcing his appointment, and also formally introduce him to his new flock, and ask him to say a word to them. This conversation took place Friday evening.

After enjoying a good, refreshing night's sleep, I found myself ready on Saturday morning to prepare for my Sunday duties. First of all, it was important to make sure of my congregation. I had come so far that I did not like the idea of a mere handful of women and children. I longed to get hold of the men. The main street seemed full of

miners. It was pay-day, and the place presented a sort of holiday appearance. It occurred to me that it was a good opportunity to become acquainted. As I walked down the street I saw advancing towards me an elegantly dressed gentleman with large diamonds shining upon his spotless linen. There were seven saloons in a row. As I drew near my handsome young friend, and was about to extend my hand, he surveyed me, concluded I was a parson, and might wish to interview him on some subject with which he was not familiar, and suddenly disappeared into one of the saloons. The experience was a little discomfiting, but I summoned up courage and determined to try again. The next man was in his shirt-sleeves, but had an open, frank countenance. I assumed as gracious and friendly an aspect as I could command, and was about to greet him, when he, too, darted into a saloon.

Twice defeated, I went back to the hotel, and asked Colonel Burns, the proprietor, to let me have some large writing-paper. In a bold hand I wrote out a few notices. I announced that, as Bishop of Idaho, I had come to the camp, and would preach the next morning, Sunday, at eleven o'clock, and in the evening at eight; that both services would be in the dance-hall. All were cordially invited to attend. Then the colonel let me have some tacks. I put up a notice at the hotel, at the post-office, at the large store, and at the black-

smith's shop. I then stood off and looked to see if any one would read my notices. But, alas, there were already so many notices ahead of mine! One announced an exciting horse-race Sunday afternoon, a second a mine to be sold, a third a ranch to be rented, etc. I soon discovered that my method of advertising was not likely to be successful. What more could I do?

As I walked by the saloons I observed that they were full of men. If only I had not been a bishop, I reflected, the problem would have been easy of solution; for then I could have gone in the saloons where the men were, and delivered my invitation in person. But how would it look for a bishop to visit such places even with the best of motives. At last I became desperate. I selected the first saloon in the row. I went in. I introduced myself to the proprietor. I told him I was the Bishop of Idaho, and had come in to pay my respects to him. He met me very cordially. "Why, Bishop, I am proud to know you. What will you have?"

I thanked him and told him I should be greatly indebted to him if he would kindly introduce me to those gentlemen, pointing to a large room back of the saloon, where the men were gathered.

"Do you mean the boys in the pool-room?" he asked.

"Yes, I presume I do."

Thereupon he came out from behind the counter, put his arm in mine in a familiar way, as though

we had been boon companions all our lives, and escorted me to the open doorway of the pool-room.

"Boys," he cried out, "hold up the game. Put up the chips just a minute. This is the Bishop right among us, and he wants to be introduced."

With a politeness and courtesy which would have done credit to any drawing-room in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, the men rose from their seats and welcomed me. I said, briefly:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I do not wish to interfere with your pleasure or your amusement. I have just come in to pay my respects to you. I am the Bishop, and am going to hold services in the dance-hall to-morrow morning at eleven and in the evening at eight, and I shall be very glad to see you there."

I remember that one of them, evidently speaking in a representative capacity, thanked me for letting them know, and asked me again the hour, and assured me they would all be present. In this way I visited all the seven saloons in the row. Everywhere I was treated with the most respectful consideration, and I did not hear one word that could have offended the most delicate conscience. When I had completed the round I felt that I was reasonably sure of a goodly number of men as my hearers.

Coming out of one of the saloons I suddenly encountered on the street my little friend, Brother May, the new minister. He gave me a look of commingled surprise and pity, and with it a slight

touch of scorn; but no words were exchanged between us. When, after my visitation of the saloons, I returned to my hotel, I found Brother May with his face buried in a newspaper. He hardly deigned to speak to me. I asked him some question. He hardly vouchsafed a reply. I tried him again. At last he put down his paper, and, looking at me with a much aggrieved expression, said:

"Look here, Bishop, didn't I see you coming out of a saloon?"

"Yes, Brother May, you did, and if you had watched me you would have seen me coming out of seven."

"Well," he continued, "all I have to say is I am sadly disappointed in you. My heart had gone out to you, and I was thanking God for sending you to this awful place, and now to think of a bishop going into one of those hells."

I tried to explain to my reverend little brother that I had visited more saloons that day than in all of the days of my life before; that I was not a drinking man, and regretted the evils of strong drink as much as he or any man could, but that I had come to get hold of those men; that I only visited the camp one Sunday a year, while he would have an opportunity every week to talk to them. Gradually it dawned upon him that my act was, after all, susceptible of a charitable interpretation, though he could not justify it; nor could he agree with me in thinking that my efforts to secure the

presence of the men would prove successful, but felt sure they would not come out, no matter what they promised—in short, that I had hopelessly impaired my influence with them. I could only ask him to wait and see. It was clearly evident that Brother May's faith in me had been subjected to a severe test, and had almost reached the breaking point. His ideals of the episcopal office had received a terrible blow.

That evening we gathered together a few good people, and practised some familiar hymns. A young woman was found who played the little organ. The morrow came, a bright and beautiful Sunday. As the hour of service approached, I could see that a great crowd was gathering. I had already put on my robes, and was seated on the platform of the dance-hall, where also the organ and the choir were placed. As the men filed in, they occupied every available space. I invited some to sit on the edge of the high platform. Others took advantage of the fact that the windows were opened, and stationed themselves there. A large number had to stand near the doorway; but from the beginning to the close of the service a hushed and entirely reverential demeanor characterized the assembly. They listened most patiently to all I had to say. There was something peculiarly solemnizing and inspiring in those manly and earnest faces as they seemed to respond to the appeal I was making.

After I had finished the sermon I introduced Brother May. I told the men that while the church I had the honor to represent had not yet seen its way to send them a minister, yet I rejoiced that Brother May, representing another religious body, had come; that he was present in the congregation, and I was glad to introduce him; that he was to preach that afternoon at four. Then Brother May arose. He was extremely short of stature, and had a long black mustache, curled up at the ends. He wore a bright-green cutaway coat, a blue waistcoat, and red necktie. His boots had high heels, tapered after the cow-boy fashion. All eyes were instantly fastened upon him. A stillness that was painful fell upon the scene. Brother May stood near the platform. Instead of turning around and facing the people he stood sidewise, looking at them over his shoulder.

"Yes, brethren, as the Bishop has said, I am here, and I am here to stay. I have come to preach the Gospel, and my first sermon will be at four o'clock, here in this place. I want you all to be on hand, for God knows you need the Gospel. Just think of it, you have seven saloons here in this camp! Seven dens of hell! The fact is, this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck."

He sat down. There was no audible expression of dissent, but I could feel that my little brother had forfeited his opportunity to commend himself to the people. I was sorry.

Another hymn was given out, and I was about to dismiss the congregation with my blessing when Colonel Burns, my landlord, stepped forward, and in a low but distinct voice said:

"Bishop, haven't you forgot something?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Why, the hat," replied the colonel.

"Excuse me," I answered, "you are right. I had quite forgotten the collection."

"I thought so," said the colonel. "It won't do to forget the hat, for yesterday was pay-day, and these boys have a lot of money, and if you don't get it the saloons will, and it is much better for you to have it. Now, Bishop, if you will allow me, I will run that part of the business myself."

"Very good," I said. "Have you any suggestions, colonel?"

"Only this, Bishop: I wish you would give us about five hymns."

"Five!" I exclaimed. "You surely do not mean five hymns."

"Yes, Bishop," he replied, "I want plenty of time. I do not want to be crowded. The boys are a little slow on collections."

I stepped over to the organ, and arranged with the young woman who was playing for us to give us five familiar hymns. We started in. The colonel presented the hat to the man immediately on my left. He was sitting on the edge of the platform. He brought out a silver dollar, called a

"wheel" in the language of the camp. The second and third men to whom the hat was passed followed the example of the first, each giving a dollar; but the fourth man seemed nervous, and hesitated while he fumbled in his pocket. After considerable delay he brought out a quarter.

"Oh, put that back. Come, now, Bill," said the colonel, "the Bishop is not after small game to-day. White chips don't go here. He wants a wheel out of you. Hurry up."

"But, colonel," said the man, "I hain't got no wheel; I am busted."

"Oh, what you givin' us?" said the colonel. "Borrow one from Jack. Jack will loan you one."

I was not supposed to hear this dialogue, but the colonel evidently took no pains to conceal what was going on. After some little parleying Jack loaned his neighbor a "wheel," and the hat passed on. I can remember the colonel, when he reached the crowd standing at the door, held out the hat with one hand, while with the other he expostulated with the men. The hymns were being rapidly used up, and at last the colonel returned to the platform with the hat. His face beamed with satisfaction. After the service I asked him why it took him so long.

"Oh," he replied, "Bishop, you see, I charge up every feller accordin' to his pile. I know these boys. Most on 'em grub with me. I made one feller cough up a ten-dollar gold-piece, and you will find a good many fives in the hat. Let's count it."

I need not say that the collection was a generous one.

At four o'clock I went to the hall to help and hear Brother May. As yet no one had come. At length a few women and children and one old man straggled in. Brother May preached on the "Rose of Sharon." It was his maiden effort. The afternoon was very warm, and the perspiration poured forth as my little friend labored with the text. He was thoroughly discouraged, and could not understand why the hall was not full. I ventured to suggest that I feared he had not been very tactful in the morning when he told them that their town was the most "God-forsaken hole" he had ever seen.

I learned afterwards that Brother May remained at the camp only about three weeks. At the end of that time a committee waited on him. The spokesman said:

"Brother May, we understand you don't like our camp."

"No," said Brother May, "it is the worst I ever struck."

"Well, Brother May, would you like to shake off the dust of our camp and leave us for better diggin's?"

"You bet I would," was the reply.

"Well, will you leave if we give you seventy-five dollars?"

"Sure I will."

"Will you leave by to-morrow's stage?"

"I certainly will."

"Then here's your money." And Brother May departed to parts unknown.

To return to our Sunday's work. That evening there was another service, and another great crowd. I begged the men to do something towards securing a minister and building a church. I reminded them that they had had no one to bury their dead, minister to their sick and wounded, baptize their children, administer the holy communion, and preach the Gospel. I told them I would be glad to cooperate with them in any effort they might make. When Monday morning came a committee waited on me with a petition signed by nearly a hundred miners begging me to stay over and give them another talk that night. I consented, and the dance-hall was again completely filled. Tuesday morning, just before I took the stage, a committee came to me from a neighboring saloon with a subscription-paper. One of the committee said:

"Now, Bishop, you have been going for us about not having a preacher. Here is a proposition. If you will stay here, and rustle up this preachin' business, and be our parson, we will stand by you to the tune of two thousand dollars a year. Here it is down in black and white. This is all gilt-edge."

Of course I was surprised and gratified. I replied that, while I felt much complimented by their offer, it was evident they did not understand the nature of my office; that I was a Bishop, and had

to go from place to place, and could tarry nowhere long; that I was on my way to the next camp; but I added:

"With this liberal offer of two thousand dollars a year I can send you a first-class man."

They hesitated and seemed a little embarrassed. After some consultation one of them said:

"Bishop, that was not the deal. The boys subscribed this for you. If you can't come we will have to make a new deal."

With that they again disappeared in the saloon. Returning in a few moments, the spokesman said:

"Bishop, here is a new list. If you will send us a first-rate man, a good talker and a good mixer, we will guarantee him at least one thousand dollars a year. Tell him, Bishop, there will be no trouble about money. He sha'n't be allowed to suffer. We boys will treat him white. Only, please remember," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't send us no stick."

They had not forgotten Brother May's rebuke, and were not willing to take any chances. The term "good mixer" was new to me then, but I learned that it meant the qualities of good-fellowship and sympathy and fraternity. The successful man of God in the mining-camp need not lose his dignity or self-respect, but it is of vital importance that he be a man among men, and, above all, possess the capacity of loving men, and with the aid of that gift know how to reach their hearts.

CHAPTER V

A VISIT TO CLAYTON GULCH

AS it was my custom when journeying through my diocese to spend several days in a mining-town, it was often possible to prepare the way for my visitation to the next camp through the kind offices of personal friends already made. Thus it was that Mrs. Deardon, one of our church-members in Challis, informed me that her husband kept the hotel and saloon in Clayton, and that she had already sent him word of my intended visit. A white horse was placed at my disposal by a gentleman who facetiously reminded me that my first stopping-place en route would be a mining-camp known as Bay Horse.

It was at this latter place that I met for the first and only time a strange, wild man of the mountains, who was spoken of as the "Bulgarian monk." He carried a gun, and was followed by a dog. Occasionally he would descend from the hills, where he led a solitary life in the woods, to a mining-camp, and preach the Gospel to those who were attracted by his weird appearance and mysterious personality. He affected the conventional dress and

bearing of the apostles, and seemed to consider himself a sort of modern John the Baptist. By the more superstitious and impressionable he was regarded with much awe and wonder; by others, and especially the young, he was greatly feared, and mothers would conjure with his name in keeping their children in the path of obedience. Whence he came and whither he went, no one knew. His movements were enshrouded in mystery. I tried to engage him in conversation and elicit from him some information as to his life and purpose. But my efforts were unavailing. As the weather grew cold in the autumn he would disappear, not to be seen again until the winter had passed and the snow had melted in the mountains. Then with his rifle and faithful dog he would once more be seen in the woods. Whenever he condescended to come to a settlement, it was only for a brief hour, to deliver his message or warning, and then disappear. He repelled all attempts to draw him into conversation, nor would he accept hospitality or kindness from any one. He suddenly ceased to make his annual visits, and no one seemed to be able to solve the enigma of his life. On the occasion of my seeing him at Bay Horse he was just leaving that place, and I can vividly recall his curiously clad retreating figure, as he climbed the mountain and disappeared among the pines.

Reaching Clayton about one o'clock, I was met cordially by my host, who bade me alight and par-

take of his hospitality. I was somewhat late for dinner, but the dining-room was still open, and I soon found myself seated at the table. Scarcely had I begun my dinner when a man in the far corner of the room hailed me in a loud voice.

"Hello, Bishop," said he. "Is that you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Bishop, come over this way, and eat with a feller," beckoning to me.

By this time I had easily discovered that my friend was far from sober. I declined the invitation to join him by reminding him that I had already been served, and that it would be inconvenient to have my dishes carried over to his table. I added that I would see him after dinner. That suggestion did not at all satisfy him. He said:

"Well, then, Bishop, if you won't eat with me, I'll come over and eat with you."

And over he came. He was the impersonation of good-nature and amiability, though somewhat familiar for an entire stranger. When he was seated near me he said:

"Bishop, are you going to talk to the boys here to-night?"

I told him that was my object in coming to the camp.

"Well," he added, "I am glad, for God knows these fellers here need it. You see, Bishop, the trouble with the boys here is that they drink too much." He was obviously the last person to com-

plain of that tendency on the part of his brethren. So I ventured to say:

"Well, my friend, I am very sorry to hear that, but, if you will pardon me, it seems to me that you are suffering from that same trouble yourself just now."

He saw my point, but was ready for my sally, and quickly rejoined:

"You are right, Bishop; but don't you see, when the Bishop comes a feller just has to celebrate."

It was easy to establish kindly relations with so pleasant a nature. His next remark was:

"Bishop, I heard you at Ketchum. Are you going to give them that same talk you gave us fellers there?"

I told him I had thought of preaching another sermon.

"Oh, give them that same talk, Bishop; that was a hell of a good talk, and will hit these fellers here just right."

He then wished to know where I was going to preach and the hour. I told him the service would be in the dance-hall over Barnes's saloon at eight o'clock that evening. He asked me if I would allow him to help me "round-up the boys." I answered that I thought his help would not be necessary; that I intended to visit the mill, and go down in the mines, and call in at all the stores, and invite everybody. But before I escaped from him he had expressed his purpose to be on hand without fail.

After calling on the superintendent, and letting all the people know about the services, I returned to the hotel and had supper. About half-past six I went over to see the dance-hall. It was in a most untidy condition. There had been a dance the night before, and it had been left in great disorder. I found a broom, raised the windows, and swept the place thoroughly. I then dusted the organ and the chairs, and put things in order as best I could. Finding an oil-can, I filled the lamps and cleaned the chimneys, and was quite pleased at the improved appearance of things. I then sat down to think over my address and prepare for the service. It must have been about half-past seven when I heard the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the outside stairway. It was my friend.

"Bishop," he asked, "are you ready for the boys? Shall I round them up now?"

"No, not yet," I said, "wait about half an hour, please."

"All right. I'll be back in a half hour."

Sure enough, a little before eight he again reported. "Are you ready now, Bishop?"

"Yes," I replied. "You may now round them up."

I still hoped that the constable might come to my relief and lock up my friend in "the cooler" until after service. But no such good-fortune awaited me. Presently I heard his voice resounding up and down the narrow street, or gulch, crying out:

"Oh yes, boys! Oh yes! Come this way. The Bishop is ready. The meetin' is about to begin."

His invitation was promptly acted upon, for soon the tramp of feet was heard upon the stairway, and it was not long before every chair and bench was occupied. Standing-room was at a premium; and when I was about to give out the opening hymn, and was congratulating myself that my friend had been opportunely side-tracked, he, last of all, made his appearance. His condition had not improved, but, on the contrary, had grown worse during his visits to the several saloons where he went to "round-up the boys." I was not a little annoyed by his arrival, and anticipated trouble. There was no chair to offer him. Suddenly it occurred to me that the only safe thing to do was to give him my chair after placing it on the opposite side of the little table where I had been sitting. He was limp, and easily managed. I greeted him kindly, and, taking him by the shoulders, seated him so that he would be facing me and immediately under my eye. As I thrust him down, I said:

"You shall have the best seat in the house, right here by me."

"All right, Bishop," he replied, audibly, looking around at the congregation with a broad grin. "There ain't no flies on you."

I gave out a hymn, requesting all to stand. As the singing proceeded I noticed that as long as I

kept my eyes on my friend he was very respectful, but whenever I looked in the other direction he would pull out a large red handkerchief, and ostentatiously wipe his eyes as if his religious emotions were stirred to the depths. The devotional service safely over, the sermon began. The text was those words of St. Paul before Felix: "As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." One could hardly refrain, with such a text, from dwelling on the great evils of intemperance. It was evident that drunkenness was the prevailing vice of the camp, and that it was destroying many of the young lives before me. As long as that was my theme I observed that my friend, just before me, hung his head in shame. He was conscience-stricken. He felt that the preacher was personal in his remarks, and had him chiefly in mind. I shall never forget his look of abject misery and self-abasement.

At length I passed on to another vice, that of gambling, also very prevalent, and equally debasing in its effects. Now it just happened, as I learned afterwards, that my convivial hearer was not addicted to card-playing or gambling in any of its forms. Whatever sins he might possess, he could plead "not guilty" to this indictment. Therefore, when he realized that I had passed on from the consideration of his particular weakness, and was launching out to attack the sins of others, he immediately braced up and looked me straight in the

eye, his face radiant with interest and delight. As I proceeded his head nodded in evident approval of my arguments, and at last I could hear him say:

"That's right, Bishop. Go for 'em. Hit 'em again."

He became more and more noisy and excited. Finally he clapped his hands, and, unable longer to restrain himself, he shouted:

"Good, good! Give 'em hell, Bishop. Give 'em hell."

I looked at him severely, and motioned to him with my hand deprecatingly, and he subsided.

It was a memorable evening. After the closing hymn and the benediction the men lingered long, and many of them came up and shook my hand gratefully; but I could see there was something on their minds which they wished to express. At length one of them found courage to say:

"Bishop, things did not look quite natural in church to-night."

I asked what he meant.

"Why," he said, "you didn't look like a bishop, and didn't have 'em on as you did in Challis."

"Oh, you refer to my vestments," I said, and explained to them that I had left my robes and prayer-books in a gunny-sack with Mr. Deardon at his saloon. He had placed the bag behind the counter; but later a ranchman, living out of town about nine miles, had called for his gunny-sack, and, as they all look alike, had taken mine instead of his own; so

when the time for service came I was without my usual equipment.

"Oh, that's the way it happened, is it? Well, you see, Bishop, we boys like to have you dress up for us. It seems so much more like church back home."

The next day, as I sat writing in my room at the hotel, some one knocked at my door. My visitor was a young man from the East, in whom I became at once greatly interested. A cursory glance was enough to reveal the fact that he had the bearing and instincts of a gentleman. Intelligence and refinement were clearly written upon his countenance. I arose and greeted him, and asked him to be seated. He told me his story. He was a college graduate. His mother and sisters were still living. He had formed the habit of drink until he had lost one position after another, and at length determined to break off from all his Eastern connections and make a new start in a country where he was utterly unknown. He came to the mountains of Idaho. He soon secured a good place, and for some months life seemed to be full of promise and hope; but in an evil hour he yielded to his old enemy, fell again, and was finally dismissed. So he had buried himself in this far-distant mining-camp, and was digging ore as a common laborer by the day. It was evident that the alcohol habit had a grip on him, from which escape would be exceedingly difficult. He said he had been out to the service the evening

before, and, as he was on the night shift, had dropped in to have a little talk with me. When he said good-bye, he paused, and, gazing at me with a look of inexpressible sadness, asked me if he could take the pledge in my presence. I said by all means, and after we had knelt down and asked that he might be kept strong and brave and victorious, he signed a form which I wrote out and gave him, and also a duplicate which I kept myself and still possess. He promised to write me from time to time, and we exchanged several letters. The last tidings from him were reassuring, and, as he was called home later, let us hope he proved a comfort and stay to those dependent upon him.

This case is only one of many, as may be imagined; for the Far West, with its life of adventure, appeals to young men, among whom frequently are those who have enjoyed the best advantages of home and education. In some cases, success crowns their efforts; but more frequently they go down, unable to resist the terrible temptations that beset them.

On a former visit I had been preaching in a saloon. The proprietor had shown me no small kindness, and had sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and hung sheets from the ceiling, thus hiding the counter and the bottles behind it. The men had been respectful and quiet, although many had stood throughout the service. At the close the saloon-keeper said:

"Bishop, would you mind following me just as you are into the kitchen?"

Still wearing my robes, I followed him. Before entering he paused to tell me that his cook was a young man "who had seen better days," that he was a member of the Episcopal church, and was most anxious to meet me; that he had begged that I come out where he was at work. Upon ushering me into the kitchen my guide retired, leaving me alone with the young man. I shall never forget that moment. He threw himself upon his knees, grasped my hand, and kissed it again and again, sobbing. When he recovered himself sufficiently, he proceeded to recite to me some incidents of his sad career. He was the son of a London clergyman; was a graduate of Oxford University; had fallen into dissolute habits, and forged a note; friends of his father had gathered around him, hushed up the scandal, paid the note, and supplied him with enough money to reach New York; there he had secured lucrative employment, but had again fallen into evil ways, and so had been going down, down ever since, until, at last, working his way westward, he had actually become the cook in this saloon kitchen. It was evident, even then, that he was dying with consumption. I gave him a prayer-book, which he greatly appreciated, made him promise to write me, cheered him up, and, with my blessing, bade him good-bye. He lived only a few weeks after that interview.

As I returned to the Wood River country from this trip I spent a few days at Hailey. One afternoon a card bearing the name "Joe Oldham" was brought to my room at the hotel. I recognized at once that my visitor was a famous gambler, of whom I had often heard; but despite his unenviable profession, Joe Oldham was highly respected by the men of Idaho. He stood at the head of his business for decency and honor and integrity. Naturally, however, I wondered why he had called to see me; but I immediately descended to the parlor, where, attired in a faultless suit of broadcloth, Mr. Oldham awaited me. Tall, dignified in bearing, most gracious and polite in manner, he extended his hand. As I grasped it he said:

"Bishop, I hear you are from Missouri."

"Yes," I replied, "I am proud to say that is my native State." I added that I was from Fayette, Howard County.

His face lighted up with a smile, and he exclaimed: "Howard County! Why, I have been there. I have relatives in old Howard."

We at once became good friends. I soon learned his mission. He simply wished me to write a letter to his "folks," who lived in Independence, Missouri. His family consisted of a mother and two sisters.

"Bishop," he said, "as long as Joe Oldham lives they will never know what it is to want for anything. If you will write my mother, and just tell her that you have met me, it will make her very

happy. Tell her that you are the Bishop of Idaho, and that her son, Joe, called upon you. Now, Bishop, I expect you have heard of me."

"Yes," I replied, "often, Mr. Oldham."

"And you know what my business is?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Oldham. I have heard something about it in a general way."

"Now, Bishop, I am going to tell you all about it. I am a professional gambler. I run a fine place here. It is no place for a bishop to visit, or I would like to take you around and show it to you. But I run a clean house. Every man who comes there has a square deal. No crookedness there, Bishop. No drinking and carousing allowed. It is a place for a white man." Rising to depart, he said: "Now, Bishop, if you will write to my mother," giving me her address, "I shall be so grateful to you. But, may I ask of you one great favor when you write? Just don't mention what my business is. It would simply break her heart if she knew how I make my money. For, Bishop, if there ever was a good Christian woman in this world, it is my dear old mother. I only beg of you not to give me away."

Joe again extended his hand and grasped mine. As he withdrew it I found that he had placed a twenty-dollar gold-piece in my palm. "Please take it, Bishop," he said; "you will find some good use for it. And just let me say that whenever you want another just like it, if you will only drop a

line to 'Joe Oldham, Hailey, Idaho,' it will be sure to come."

Invariably, after that first interview, when I would meet my Missouri friend he would slip into my hand a twenty-dollar gold-piece. He was a generous soul, warm hearted, and loyal to his friends. His kindness to the widow and the orphan, to the man hurt in the mines, and to all in trouble, made him greatly beloved. He had about him a certain title of nobility. He did not claim to be a Christian, but as he never turned his face away from any poor man, let us hope that the face of the Lord has not been turned away from him.

CHAPTER VI

IN AND OUT OF THE STAGE-COACH

THE palmy days of the stage-coach in the Rockies have now passed away. The advent of the railroad has left comparatively small distances to be compassed by this primitive mode of locomotion. The day when six horses were the regulation number gradually gave place to that of the four-horse team; and now two horses sleepily plod along, and carry the mail and such occasional passengers as may be compelled to travel in this way. In my early days in Wyoming and Idaho there were some superb outfits on the road, and stage-travel had its interesting and enjoyable features. Runaways, break-downs, narrow escapes of various kinds often occurred, recalling the epitaph once found on an old grave-stone:

> "Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
> From a stage-coach, and thereby killed.
> His name, Jay Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
> Slain with three other outside passengers."

The long distances through a country almost entirely uninhabited exposed the passengers to hold-

ups by the "road agents," as the highway robbers are called out West. Especially was this the case when large sums of money had to be sent through Wells, Fargo's Express Company, or bars of gold and silver had to be carried from the mines. The robbers were wonderfully astute, and generally managed to know just when the consignments were made. At such times it was the custom of the stage company to have one or more fearless men, well armed, ride with the driver. But men who embark in the hazardous calling of the road-agent are very desperate, and take fearful risks when a rich haul is in sight. In these encounters it is simply a question as to which party shall get "the drop" on the other; for, however brave a guard may be, it would be sheer foolhardiness to refuse to throw up his hands when he found himself and companions suddenly covered by three or four deadly Winchesters. Again and again, one desperate road-agent has been known to rob a stage-coach full of passengers, and compel the driver to throw out the bullion and express-box, while those within the stage, though armed, have meekly looked on in amazement. I usually found it convenient, through the advice of my friends, to make my journeys when the stage did not carry such tempting booty; so it was never my fate to be held up, though frequently the stage which just preceded or followed mine was robbed. Therefore, I never had Bishop Kemper's experience in the early days

of Kansas. The Bishop was the victim of a hold-up one night when he was the only passenger. The driver told the road-agent, who had covered him with a six-shooter, that his only passenger was a bishop.

"Well," said the robber, "wake up the old man. I want to go through his pockets."

When the Bishop was aroused from a sound slumber, and realized the situation, he gently remonstrated with the man behind the gun. He said:

"Surely you would not rob a poor Bishop. I have no money worth your while, and I am engaged in the discharge of my sacred duties."

"Did you say you were a Bishop?" asked the road-agent.

"Yes, just a poor Bishop."

"What church?"

"The Episcopal church."

"The hell you are! Why, that's the church I belong to. Driver, you may pass on."

I wish to speak of a few stage-drivers whom it was my good-fortune to know. It can be readily believed that some of these men were unique characters. They led lonely lives, and most of them had interesting histories. Often alone for days and nights, exposed to all kinds of weather, and taking many chances, they could, when drawn out, relate some thrilling experiences. Unattractive as such a life would seem to be, yet it possesses a

strange fascination for men once accustomed to it, and, even if they abandon it for a while, they are unfit for any other vocation, and are almost sure to return. Some of the stage-drivers whom I knew had been on the road for a quarter of a century, and were among the best-known characters on the plains.

I recall now with peculiar interest an old driver by the name of Pierce. He was somewhat communicative after we had learned to know each other on many long rides. He once told me that he intended to get married soon. One could see that he was very happy at the prospect. Indeed, I could not interest him long in any other subject. He said:

"Bishop, will you tie us?"

"Certainly I will, Pierce."

"It's going to be in Rawlins, and I'll let you know in good time. We both want you, and we want the thing done up brown."

Time passed, and I did not hear from Pierce. The next year I had to go over his road again. As usual, Pierce was on the box. I had heard that the marriage had not taken place; but I hesitated, out of respect for his feelings, to bring up the subject, and as we had the whole day before us, and I was the only passenger, I felt sure he would tell me all about it. When we got well on our way he said:

"Well, Bishop, you never heard from me, did you?"

"No, Pierce, and I wondered at it. What happened?"

"I am through with the women. This is the third one I have married off to another feller—the third one that has robbed me."

"Why, Pierce, what do you mean?"

"Well, I mean just what I say. Here's the way she treated me. You see that there gal knowed I had money, and she knowed I thought a mighty sight of her. So she just worked me. She was poor, and I had bought a little house for us to live in in Rawlins, and she axed me wouldn't I let her have the money to buy the furniture and get her weddin'-clothes. I said, 'Certainly,' and she took nearly all I had. I would have trusted that gal to the end of the earth. Now, sir, the first thing I knowed she was gone. Yes, she pulled her freight and hit the trail with another feller. Of course, he was a low-down cur, but he's just what she deserved. The lawyers say if I can catch her and him I can lock 'em up. But what good will that there do? My money is gone, and the gal's gone. I tell you, it's mighty hard luck. You jest can't trust the women. They'll rob you every time if they get the chance. As I was sayin', this is the third one that has went through with my pile. They jest get you to lovin' on 'em, and they promise to marry you, and then you loan 'em your pile, and they run off with some honery cuss, and blow in your money."

I confess it was difficult to say anything very comforting to my old friend. He was evidently an easy prey to designing and unscrupulous maidens.

The next year, as I went up to the Indian agency with Pierce, I found him in a very religious frame of mind. When we were fairly started he said:

"Bishop, I have been wantin' to see you for a long time. I have been wantin' to ax you some questions about old Pluggage. You knowed him, I reckin."

"Do you mean the rich man who owned all these stage-lines?" I asked.

"Yes, that's him. Well, you know that old cuss has passed in his checks."

"Yes," I replied, "I saw the account of his death in the papers. He died in Kansas, and left a large fortune. What did you wish to ask me about him, Pierce?"

"Well, Bishop," he replied, "I've knowed old Pluggage a long time, and I'm sort o' curious about him. I've been a-waitin' till you come along to ax you about him. I could have axed some of them little bronco preachers what I've been haulin', but they don't know nothin' much, and you'se a bishop, and knows your business all right. I jest want you to locate old Pluggage for me."

"Just what do you mean, Pierce, by asking me to locate him?" I questioned.

"Why, Bishop, I want to know where in the hell he's at?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, I hope he is not there at all," I replied.

"Well, I didn't mean just that, but I want you to tell me where old Pluggage went to."

It was a rather embarrassing question, and I ventured to say that my acquaintance with Mr. Pluggage was very slight; that I had only met him once, and then thought him a pleasant gentleman, and so forth.

"Maybe you'd like some facts?" he asked. "I kin give you all the old man's p'ints. I kin get him down fine."

"Yes," I replied, "I do not like to pronounce judgment on any poor brother man. We all have our faults. On such slight knowledge of Mr. Pluggage's character I certainly would not presume to express an opinion."

"Jest so. I see, Bishop. Now, here's the facts. I don't jest say old Pluggage would steal, even if he did hold back our money sometimes; but he was so infernal stingy he would hold on to a silver dollar till the eagle on it squawked. Does that help you to locate him?"

I shook my head doubtfully.

"Then, Bishop, nobody ever swapped horses with the old man what didn't get sick afterwards. Now, can you place him?"

And so Pierce went on reciting all the disparaging characteristics of his old boss until it became perfectly evident where he wished me to locate him.

When I again pleaded my inability to penetrate into the mysteries of the future he seemed much disappointed.

"But you be a bishop, and locatin' dead people is in your line of business, ain't it?"

I had to admit that, in a general way, the subject was related to my profession.

"Don't the Good Book say, Bishop, that ther's jest two places where they kin go? Now, which place did they send old Pluggage?"

I could not but half regret that my conscience would not allow me to avail myself, in this particular case, of the doctrine of a mild purgatory; for if I could have consigned old Pluggage to a hot atmosphere for a while, and then let him out, it would have entirely satisfied Pierce's sense of justice. His was not a vindictive nature. I am not quite sure I ever entirely recovered the high opinion the stage-driver once entertained of my theological erudition.

Sometimes the stage was heavily loaded; for, besides the passengers, there was often much freight and express matter. When this was the case, and the roads were bad and the hills steep, it was the custom for all the passengers to alight and "spell" the horses, as it was called. Commercial travellers, or "drummers," in my day made up the largest class of passengers. Some of these were Jews. The Jews have many admirable qualities, and my experience with them as a race has been far from

unpleasant. Indeed, among my best friends in the West I can number many Hebrews; but now and then in the stage-coach we would encounter one who insisted on his pound of flesh. He simply would not get out and walk.

"I have paid my fare," he would say. "Let old Salisbury put on more horses. He has no right to make us walk when we have paid our good money to ride. I am going to keep my seat."

Perhaps such reasoning was technically defensible, but it was squarely in the face of a universal custom which leaned to the side of mercy to the poor overworked horses; and any man who stoutly maintained the proposition was likely to get himself into trouble with driver or passengers, and sometimes with both.

When, at one time, all the other passengers had gradually reached their respective destinations, a Jew and myself were left alone. We were riding inside, for it had been raining, and the roads were very bad. When we arrived at the summit of a steep hill, up which I had footed it, the driver stopped to rest his horses and allow me to get in. Giving me a significant wink, he beckoned to me to take the seat on the box beside him. As the rain had ceased I was glad of the opportunity. We were just about to descend a long, rocky stretch of road. Billy said to me: "Now, Bishop, watch me make that cussed sheeny holler. I am going to drive his old stove-pipe over his ears." And down

he went at a fearful pace, striking every rock and "chug-hole" he could, making it difficult even for me to keep my seat. In a few moments, sure enough, the Jew began to scream. Of course, the vehicle was making a great noise, and Billy found it convenient to hear nothing else. When we got down the hill the poor fellow was a pitiful sight to behold, and his precious silk hat was battered to a shapeless mass.

Another old stage-driver, well known as "Hank," from Salt Lake City, was driven to desperation by two Israelite passengers. It was a very rainy season, and the roads were indescribable. The stage had been full, and every one had been patient and considerate; but the two Hebrews stoically held down their seats; they had paid a big price, and were determined to get the full worth of their money. At last, as luck would have it, the passengers were reduced in number until the Jews alone remained. Darkness came on, and the stage was an hour or two behind schedule time, and old Hank was irritated and indignant. At the foot of a hill was a lake where it was customary to water the horses. Hence, no suspicion was aroused when Hank drove into the shallow water. He let the horses drink, and then drove in still farther until the water came into the stage-coach. He then deliberately unhooked the traces, and, taking the mail-bag, got astride one of the wheel-horses, and rode ashore, leaving the Jews swearing at him from

the half-submerged coach. "We'll report you, we'll have you bounced; you shall lose your job all right, and we're going to sue old Salisbury for damages." And they carried out their threats, and Hank lost his place as driver, and the company had to pay a good round sum for damaged samples and outraged feelings. The news quickly reached Salt Lake and spread through the city. Public sympathy was at once enlisted in behalf of Hank, and a subscription started. A fine team and express-wagon were presented to him, and he was set up in the delivery business in the Mormon city. Popular sentiment brought him a large patronage, and the old stage-driver's road to a good living was made sure and easy.

When spring approached and the heavy snows in the mountains began to melt, there was more or less danger in fording the rivers. The Platte River, in Wyoming, was particularly treacherous in this respect. When I reached this river at one time on my way to Douglas I was riding a bronco. The stream looked angry and swollen, and I was debating in my mind whether or not I should plunge in and swim my horse across. Just then a kindly ranchman came upon the scene. He remonstrated with me; he said my bronco was rather small for a man of my size; that the current was swift, and that he though it would be unsafe to try it. But I said:

"I must get to Douglas to-night."

"Well," he replied, "I have a boat here, and will row you over, and we will lead the bronco."

Accordingly, we secured a rope which we tied around the bronco's neck, placing the saddle and bridle in the boat. We then pulled out, but the bronco would not budge; and all the purchase we could get on him from the boat was unavailing. The ranchman suggested that we should row down the edge of the river and lead him until the bank should get so steep there would be no standing ground for him. "Then," he added, "we can yank him in." That change of tactics was entirely successful, for we both took hold, and by a united pull, brought him into the swift current. My companion was a good oarsman, and he struck out bravely, but it was soon evident that the bronco was making straight for our canoe. The ranchman became somewhat excited lest the pony should capsize us. "Beat him back; beat him back with the other end of the rope. There ain't no room in here for three." I landed several blows on the head of the determined little beast, but they did not seem to discourage him; and it required our combined effort to pilot that frail little craft to the other shore without being upset.

Those of my readers who have ever been at Lewiston, Idaho, will remember that just across the river Clearwater, which flows by the town, is an enormous and most dangerous mountain. If one can keep the road, and has a good team, it is

safe enough; but there are several places, called "hog-backs," where the road is barely wide enough to allow another team to pass; while on either side of this narrow driveway the mountain so suddenly recedes that a misstep must precipitate driver and team to imminent destruction. With this inviting prospect on the other side of the river, I found it necessary one dark night to cross the Clearwater and set out for the railway station some miles beyond. The clergyman at Lewiston had a fine pair of horses, which, while full of life, were gentle and trustworthy. On reaching the river, which the clergyman had forded a few days before, we found it unexpectedly swollen. A rope-ferry regularly plied across the river, the boat usually landing at the far-side of a little island, which teams could reach by fording when the stream was normal. My companion's eyesight was somewhat defective at night, and he did not observe that the river had risen so high as to entirely submerge the island. After hailing the boatman, and giving him the signal to come over for us, we waited until we could see the light on the boat, which was approaching the spot where the island was supposed to be. We then drove in. We had not advanced far before I heard frantic screams from the boatman.

"Go back, for God's sake, go back, or you'll drown!"

Meanwhile, the buggy seemed to be fairly throbbing under the power of the current, and our horses

had almost lost their footing. I begged my brother to turn round, but he would not. I then snatched the reins from him, and got the horses round just as the boat came upon us. The captain said:

"Well, parson, one more step, and you and the Bishop would have been swept in. Were you trying to drown him?"

The experience was one that I did not soon forget.

It was rather curious and interesting to those who believe in thought transference, or mental telepathy, that both my wife and daughter—the former being at that time in Missouri, and the latter at school in Pennsylvania—were suddenly awakened that night out of sound sleep by the vivid and painful impression that I was drowning. They agree that the sensation was not in the least like an ordinary dream.

After we had been ferried safely over we came to the mountain. The wind was howling, and almost blew the buggy off the hog-back. Our lantern, suspended from the dash-board, had been blown out. It was pitch dark. Suddenly I felt the buggy sliding down-hill, and the horses gradually following. I jumped out, caught the horses by their bridles, and, feeling my way back to the road, recovered the trail. When, with great difficulty, we had relighted our lantern, we found that we had been slipping over the edge of a precipice, and that a few more steps would have hurled us down hundreds of feet.

These are some of the perils, by-the-way, which added zest to one's travels, but which it is more pleasant to describe than to experience.

I must be allowed here to pay my grateful tribute to the respectful kindness and consideration always shown me by the stage-drivers. I cannot say that I never heard an oath; but again and again, when one slipped out, most gracious apologies have followed. Bishop Clarkson's experience was never mine, but I can fully sympathize with his dilemma.

It seems that on one occasion the Bishop was due to preach at a certain town on the prairies of Nebraska. It was in the spring, and the mud was up to the hubs in places. Already it was growing dark, and the lights of the village which the Bishop was trying to reach seemed still a long way off. He became a little nervous lest he should be late for his appointment. Just then they encountered a mudhole, and the stage-coach stuck fast. The driver laid on the lash; but in vain; the horses would not move. The Bishop was on the box with the driver, who was getting desperate. Unable to stand it longer, he turned to the Bishop, and said:

"Do you see those wheelers looking back at me?"

"Yes, Harry. What does that mean?"

"Bishop, you know I have always tried to treat you right, and I respect your cloth. But do you say you want to preach in that there town to-night?"

"Of course I do, Harry. Why don't you whip your horses?"

"Whip 'em, Bishop! 'Ain't I been a-whippin' of 'em my level best? Do you say that you must preach there to-night?"

"Of course I must."

"Well, Bishop, I ask it just once. You see these horses are used to my style of talkin' to 'em. I know it's a bad habit, and I know it's wrong, but will you please give me a dispensation just this one time? If you will, I'll get you there or bust. What do you say, Bishop?"

The Bishop felt the case to be extreme.

"Well, Harry, I suppose I'll have to. Fire away this one time."

Harry ripped out an oath, and the horses got down on their haunches, cleared the mud-hole, and landed the Bishop in town just in time to keep his appointment.

CHAPTER VII

THE CŒUR D'ALENE COUNTRY

A "BIG FIND" of gold or silver soon becomes known in a mining country. When the fact is well established men of all sorts and conditions begin to pour in. Thither go the prospectors—always a large contingent—men who have for years been seeking a fortune, generally unsuccessful, but occasionally cheered and urged on by a great strike made by some fortunate comrade. These prospectors are often "grub-staked"—that is, supplied with provisions and an outfit by some backer with money who, in the event of good-luck, is to share equally the profits. Thither goes the tin-horn gambler, who prospers with the prosperity of the rest, often amassing a large pile, only to lose it again by an adverse turn of the wheel. Thither always goes in ample time and in sufficient numbers the saloon-keeper with his dance-hall, assured that if the camp produces anything he will get the lion's share. Later, if the yield is large and promising, the merchants follow; then the printing-press. Last of all, the church enters the field, to be of what service it can in ministering for good to the motley and eager throng.

The average lifetime of a mining-camp is brief; and rarely do we find that nature has made such large deposits of the precious metal in any one region as in the famous Cœur d'Alene territory in the Panhandle of Idaho. Early in the history of that state valuable placer mines and a few rich pockets of the yellow metal had been found in and around Murray, not far from the Cœur d'Alene country. But it was not until about 1886 and 1887 that the silver-producing, low-grade ores, which have yielded so enormously, were discovered. These are still profitably worked, and new mines are being opened in that wonderful country from time to time. When I went to Idaho the whole section was a dense, uninhabited forest; a few months later a narrow-gauge railroad connecting with the boat on the Cœur d'Alene Lake pierced through the woods and reached Wardener and then Wallace. Thousands of people were at once attracted by the reports of fabulous wealth actually in sight.

At the time of my first visit to the Cœur d'Alene, Wallace was my objective point, and the first engine had but recently reached the camp. I had managed to send word of my coming to some young men who had preceded me by a few weeks. Already a rude printing-press had been set up, and, as I stepped from the train, I was handed a large green circular which had been widely distributed, and was posted up on stumps and logs and shacks in every direction. It read as follows:

"The Bishop is coming. Let all turn out and hear the Bishop. Services in George and Human's Hall to-morrow, Sunday, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M. Please leave your guns with the usher."

The young men who got up this unique notice wished to have the service in entire harmony with the environment.

As I was escorted from the station to my hotel I was impressed by a scene of throbbing activity. The camp was crowded with men, and the sound of saw and hammer filled the air. Conspicuous among the rude buildings and tents which made up the town there were, by actual count, sixty saloons. It was a confused and stirring spectacle. I found to my surprise that two of my own cousins from Missouri, bright and enterprising fellows, were the owners of the local paper; hence I was at once made to feel at home.

On the next morning, Sunday, I was curious to see whether or not the green circular had been effective in drawing a congregation. Its charm had been potent. The hall was packed, and the congregation, as was usual in new mining-camps, was made up almost entirely of men. No church of any kind had been built; and, indeed, so new was the place that my visit was the first made by any clergyman. I had already, on the evening of my arrival, secured from Captain Wallace, after whom the place was named, and who had some sort of a

title to the town site, the promise of an eligible lot. The next step necessary was to raise money for building a church. After the morning service, and before dismissing the congregation, I dwelt upon the importance of having a place of worship, and asked their generous co-operation in securing the funds. By way of encouragement I informed them that a kind layman in Philadelphia, Mr. Lemuel Coffin, had given me a check for five hundred dollars, on condition that I could get a thousand dollars more in some town, and thus erect a fifteen-hundred-dollar church, and I expressed the hope that Wallace might obtain the gift. In closing I gave notice that at the evening service subscriptions would be received, and that I felt sure all would help in raising the thousand dollars.

That Sunday afternoon I took a walk through the camp. On every side men were hard at work as on any-week day. The stores and banks, not to mention the saloons, were all open. As I passed one bank I recognized in the cashier a gentleman whom I had met before. He invited me in and asked about the services and my plans. I briefly outlined to him my purpose of raising a thousand dollars that evening at the service. He generously offered to give one hundred dollars himself. Another member of the firm pledged seventy-five dollars; a third, fifty dollars; they all said they would be present, and when called upon would name the amounts respectively promised. A large and eager

congregation of men again gathered at the hall at eight o'clock. After the service and sermon I renewed my plea for a church, and mentioned the five-hundred-dollar check in my pocket, ready to add to the one thousand dollars, if only we could secure that sum then and there. I asked a gentleman to come forward and keep a record of the pledges as they were made. I called first for one-hundred-dollar subscriptions; only one person responded. Then for seventy-five-dollar pledges; again but one answer. Then for fifty-dollar offers; several of these were made. When the twenty-five-dollar pledges were called for, the responses were so numerous that I began to feel the whole amount would be obtained. Finally, when I asked for the ten-dollar gifts an old and poorly dressed man sitting near the front cried out in a shrill voice:

"Pit me down for ten dollars, Mr. Bishop."

I hesitated, fearing he could not afford so much; but the gentleman who was keeping the record reassured me, saying:

"He's all right. That's old Huckleberry Jim. He's rich, and got money in the bank. He could afford to give fifty dollars. He's getting eight dollars a gallon for his huckleberries at Spokane."

The congregation was dismissed with the cheering news that the money was all in sight.

The next morning I had to leave. As I was on my way to the station two men met me, and one of them said:

"Bishop, come along with us. The train will not be here for an hour, and we want to use you. We might as well raise some more money for that church, for we will surely need it before we get through, and we can do better while you are with us."

We held up before the open door of a corner saloon.

"Come this way, Steve," said one of my companions, addressing the proprietor. As he reluctantly came forward my friend went on: "Steve, this is the Bishop, and he is building a church, and we want twenty-five dollars out of you."

"All right," said Steve. "Will you take it now, or do you just want my name?"

"Well, if it's all the same to you, we'll take the cash."

Having paid up himself, Steve at once became an enthusiastic friend of the new church movement, and proceeded to lead out to us, one by one, such of his customers as he thought might help. We then went on to the neighboring saloons, and between three and four hundred dollars were added to the fund. In a short time the church was built, and is to-day a self-supporting parish, and has been the means of much wholesome and uplifting influence in that neighborhood.

At Wardner, Mullan, and Murray churches were also erected. It was during my first visit to Murray that a memorable service was held. A heated

political campaign was in full blast. Party lines were closely drawn, and the local papers were indulging in bitter personalities. The large hall in which the service was held was constructed of boards with no plaster to deaden the sound. Immediately adjoining it, and separated only by the thin board partition, full of holes caused by knotty lumber, was the saloon. The clanking of glasses and bottles, and also the conversation of the men, could be distinctly heard. During the time of service, therefore, the kind-hearted saloon-keeper was good enough to close shop, and even to invite his customers to attend church and "hear the Bishop talk." They came; and, naturally enough, many of the fellows fresh from their drinks were hardly able to realize just where they were. But there was one local Democratic leader particularly far gone. It just happened that the subject of my sermon was the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. In developing the theme I proceeded to condemn the pride and self-complacency of the Pharisee, and, in correspondingly strong language, to praise the Publican for his humility and self-abasement. From the start, my Democratic friend got the impression that I was delivering a political speech, and every time I used the word "Publican" he understood me to say "Republican." He tried to bear it patiently at first, and only expressed himself in low mutterings, almost inaudible. But as I went on to hold up the Publican as an example for

all men to follow his self-control gave way. He came back at me with great earnestness and took issue with my statements, until it became necessary, despite his violent protests, for his friends to carry him out bodily. The service over, the lights were once more turned on in the saloon, and, as I was afterwards told, the Democratic champion had his opportunity.

"Did you ever hear such stuff as that Bishop got off?" he said. "He just boosted the Republican party all through his speech, and didn't have a damned word to say for the Democrats."

The story soon spread throughout the county, and the local Republican paper did not fail to make all possible capital out of it. The editor said:

"Here is a fair specimen of what the Democratic party stands for. Some of them are condemning the Bishop for preaching against them. As a matter of fact he made no reference to politics, but simply preached the Gospel. Will any man of intelligence vote for a party that does not know the difference between a Publican and a Republican? The incident of last night," continued the editor, "suggests the sad experience of a Democratic newspaper man in Iowa. That State was so hopelessly Republican that he found it impossible to make a living by publishing his paper there; so he packed up his printing-press, and left the town, and established himself in Missouri. He selected a growing

and prosperous county-seat; but, after spending a year in Missouri, he became discouraged, and returned to his Iowa home. His friends were surprised to see him back, and one of them said:

"'Why, Scott, what are you doing here? I thought you were running a Democratic paper in Missouri.'

"'I have been,' was the reply.

"'Why did you leave?'

"'Because I wanted to,' he answered.

"'Why, that is strange, Scott! Was it a good town?'

"'Yes, a cracking good town.'

"'A good farming country?'

"'The best in the world.'

"'Any Democrats there?'

"'Yes, nothing but Democrats. The woods are full of them.'

"'Well, then, why on earth did you leave?'"

"'To tell you the truth,' said Scott, 'the darned fools can't read.'"

My readers may find themselves wondering whether there is much opportunity in the Western mining-camp for religion and the church. One must frankly admit that the life of the average miner is a peculiarly hard one. From the necessity of the case the mines must run on Sunday as well as every other day; otherwise the water would flow in and destroy in one day the labor of weeks. The

pumps must be kept going. When Sunday comes, therefore, it finds one-half of the men hard at work, and the other half must needs rest from their labors. When they have an evening off, if it happens to be Sunday, many of them will go to church, and, when there, no one is more appreciative and attentive than the miner. The minister finds abundant opportunity to exercise his gifts of service in dealing with him individually; in learning to know when he is accessible, and where; in seeing that he is provided with a bright, attractive reading-room, where the papers and magazines can be read, and where a game of pool, of billiards, or cards, or checkers can be innocently indulged in; in helping to provide a simple hospital where he can be cared for when sick or wounded; in short, for the gospel of service and fraternity there is not only always an abundant opportunity, but often a most pathetic need. If the minister of Christ is to be of any real help to men in such environment, he must first of all be a manly man with a genius for service born of loving sympathy. This will give him much patience, and fill his heart with hope, so that he will believe in every man's capacity to receive good. It is the personal rather than the official touch that wins. Nay, is it not true always and everywhere that, back of the sermon, and the ecclesiastical setting, there must be the consciousness of a living man, who really cares for his brother man and has a message which he fully believes in and yearns to deliver? The men

of the mining-camps and ranch towns in Wyoming and Idaho used to implore me to send them "a good mixer." As they interpreted that expression it was not far afield from a right diagnosis of what is needed everywhere. To do men good they must be met on their own ground. It is not a loss of dignity, but the truest dignity, to identify one's self with the sorrows, anxieties, and even with the joys of those whom it is an honor to serve just because they are men; to be as the great apostle said he tried to be—"all things to all men"—that he might win some.

Among the interesting experiences of my life in the Far West was the meeting from time to time, in some remote and isolated corner of that vast hiding-place, a striking personality — some man or woman of distinction and attainments, whom adverse circumstances or tragic fate had driven to seek shelter and retirement in a strange land. In Wardner, when the camp was new, I met a man who impressed me as a person of unusual culture. He had a striking face, and his grace of manner and a certain elegance and dignity of bearing convinced me that he was no ordinary individual. He afterwards took me somewhat into his confidence, and told me a part of his history. Were I to mention his name, those of my readers familiar with the American stage forty years ago would recognize him as a noted actor of that day. He had enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of Booth, Forrest, Barrett, and other well-known artists. There was some

tragedy connected with his life which explained his presence in that remote mining-camp. Though very poor, and compelled, with his invalid wife, to live in a little log cabin and practice the most rigid economy, he was highly esteemed. He eked out a precarious living by writing for the newspapers; for he had good literary taste, and was the master of a polished and graceful style. It was always a privilege to meet the old man. He was a lover of good books, a student and interpreter of Shakespeare, and possessed brilliant conversational gifts. If he could secure an appreciative hearer he would pour forth by the hour a stream of reminiscences, abounding in the most delightful incidents of his long and eventful career as a public man. He became deeply interested in the church, and admired enthusiastically the dignity and beauty of the Book of Common Prayer. In his early days, simply as an act of friendship, he had given several prominent clergymen lessons in elocution, with special reference to the proper reading of the service, which he could render with an impressiveness and appreciation rarely found. It was to the credit of the people of that mining-camp, though thoroughly typical of Western discrimination and appreciation, that they ministered with lavish and unremitting kindness to the needs of this aged couple, and did not suffer them to lack any of the simple comforts of life in their declining years. I have been told that the funeral of my venerable friend bore silent but elo-

quent witness to the profound reverence and affectionate regard in which he was held by the entire community.

Before leaving the Cœur d'Alene region, I wish to pay grateful tribute to the excellent work accomplished among the Cœur d'Alene Indians by the French Jesuit missionaries. The name Cœur d'Alene (heart of an owl), is said to have been first used by the Indians as a term of reproach against the hard-hearted and sharp practices of the French traders in their dealings with them. Whether this tradition is founded on fact or not, it may be confidently affirmed that the French missionaries more than atoned for any wrong done these simple red-men by their more avaricious countrymen. In all the annals of missionary heroism there are few chapters which evince more devotion and unselfish love for men than those which recount the fascinating story of the conversion of the Cœur d'Alene tribe. A few young Jesuit priests of excellent birth and fine culture, who might have won fame and honor at home, left their native France, crossed the ocean, penetrated the thick forests of the Northwest, and literally gave their lives for these red-men. As one by one they fell in the discharge of their sacred duties their places were filled by priests of the same splendid spirit and type. The mission was founded more than sixty years ago. As a result we have to-day a tribe of Indians peaceable and peace-loving, deeply religious, self-supporting,

fond of their homes and children, and living the life of civilized man. A visit to the old mission church near Lake St. Joseph will repay the Western traveller. The building is still used for worship, though constructed with wooden pins instead of nails, and in the most primitive fashion. As one meets, as I have had the privilege of meeting, the venerable priest who has spent his entire ministry in this remote and obscure mission, one instinctively feels that any of the world's emoluments are poor and cheap as compared with the essential dignity and moral beauty of such a life and such a service.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TENDERFOOT AND OLD PETE

DURING my winter visits to the East for the purpose of raising funds for Wyoming and Idaho I frequently met young men who sought my advice about the hunting-grounds of the West. I was often able to give them suggestions which resulted in enjoyable holidays and fine sport. Twenty years ago big game was abundant in certain parts of my missionary field. Elk, deer and antelope were to be found in large "bunches" in both territories; and in the Kootenai country of northern Idaho there were still fine specimens of mountain-sheep and caribou, which even then were rapidly disappearing. It sometimes happened that my young Eastern friends were entirely without experience of the West and its ways, and so became easy prey to the fun-loving cow-puncher of the plains, or to the designing mountain-guide, who, after "fleecing" him of his money and duping him in many ways, would expose him to the ridicule of the scornful Westerner as a "tenderfoot." In a country where wit was the only passport to success, it was deemed entirely justifiable thus to take advantage

of the verdancy and gullibility of the new-comer. Such lessons were considered a test of true manhood. While sometimes humiliating, they were usually wholesome, and, if taken in the proper spirit, became an initiation into that atmosphere of comradeship and good-will which was well worth the bitter experience. The critical question was, "Is this man made of the stuff that will stand the racket?" If so, his future was assured. If not, he might as well "pull up his stakes" and leave the country, for there was no place for one of his caliber.

A certain young man of my acquaintance, from the city of New York, had been reading stories of the elk and caribou of northern Idaho. He had some friends who had been very successful, and not a little boastful, in killing big game in the Adirondacks, where his uncle had a summer camp. He possessed abundant means, and his ambition was to throw in the shade the achievements of these fortunate Nimrods of his acquaintance. His knowledge of hunting was entirely theoretical, having been acquired from books alone. He conceived the idea of trying his luck in the Rockies.

Arriving in Spokane, he met at the hotel some young men who found him delightful company because of his generous purse and his eagerness to gulp down all the stories, however fabulous, of the wonderful Kootenai country, where the caribou abounded. First of all, they suggested that he must supply himself with a proper outfit. A buck-

skin hunting-suit, a strong army-saddle, a pair of six-shooters, a good Winchester—these things were of prime importance. The new friends went with him and helped him to select these articles, and had them expressed to Kootenai. They then told him of a celebrated guide whose services would be indispensable. His name was Tom Canfield. They said he came high, but he always found the game. He was accordingly written to and engaged, to be ready to start on a certain day. The guide was authorized to hire for the New-Yorker the best horse available, irrespective of cost. It seemed to my young friend that his plans were simply perfect. He felt that never in his life had he met such kind and accommodating people. He yearned to give them some substantial expression of his appreciation; and so, the night before he left Spokane, he invited to a champagne dinner at his hotel some eight or ten of his newly made Western comrades. It was a memorable feast, and the young Easterner was all but overwhelmed with the good wishes for his success in the woods, of which they assured him there could not be the least doubt. The next day they accompanied him to the train, and gave him three rousing cheers as the Northern Pacific pulled out of the station.

Arriving at Kootenai he found Tom, the famous guide, all ready to receive him. They were to start the following day. A sure-footed hunting-horse, well trained, had been secured for the New-Yorker;

and to carry their necessary impedimenta a good, faithful pack-horse, accustomed to follow anywhere at a respectful distance, had been obtained. As for Tom's own mount, my young friend was surprised and somewhat disappointed to find that it was not a horse at all but a donkey, called Pete. But the guide assured him that he always rode Pete, and that money could not buy him; that the little beast knew the woods, and could take them infallibly to the game. They spent a busy afternoon and evening in getting all things ready for an early start. The New-Yorker made quite a sensation at the Kootenai hotel, and the natives gazed with amazement upon his style and the glory of his outfit; for Tom had heralded his coming, and the whole settlement knew that the young Easterner had "heaps" of money, and that the guide was getting a "soft snap."

The morning dawned, and, after an early breakfast, they set out. The country was newly opened up, and the thick woods grew close to the little hamlet which had been cut out of almost solid timber. The hunters struck a trail at once down a gradual incline, at the foot of which was a shallow river to be forded. When they got well into the woods the guide said:

"I reckin, mister, you hain't never been in these diggin's before, have you?"

"No, but I have been in the Adirondacks."

"Oh yes, I've heered of 'em. That's where the

tenderfeet hunt. But I reckin you 'ain't never been on a reel hunt before. Now I jest want to say to you that you talk too loud. You see, it's this here way. These here wild critturs is mighty skittish, and when you git 'em right skeered-like once they keep out of sight."

Tom was talking almost in a whisper, and with intense earnestness. The New-Yorker was duly impressed for the moment.

"Now you was a-axin' me awhile ago," said Tom, "when we would be apt to run up agin any game. Almost any time. They feed right up close to that there hotel. You see this is a brand-new clearin', and the game 'ain't hardly found out that we're here."

"But," said the young man in a loud and excited voice, "do you think we will see a caribou?"

"For God's sake, man, don't talk so loud. You'll drive 'em all away. Sure, we'll see a caribou. Didn't I tell you that this here jack, old Pete, will find 'em? Now lemme tell you 'bout old Pete. He looks honery, and he's a jackass, and he 'ain't got no style, but I tell you he gits there all the same. It 'pears like he kin smell game a mile off, and he's got a eye on him like a eagle. It ain't no use for you nor me to bother our heads about findin' the game. Old Pete 'll do that for us, and he'll do it a h ap sight better nor you nor me. Then, you see, I've got him trained. When he spots a deer he draps right down on his knees jest once. That

means a buck. When he draps twice, that means a bull elk. He don't take no notice of does nor cows. When he draps three times, then look out as sure as hell for a caribou."

This was very startling to the new hunter, and he looked at the guide incredulously.

"Look here, Tom. What are you trying to give me?"

"Sh!" motioning with his hand, "not so loud, for God's sake. Take it cool, stranger. I'm givin' you straight goods 'bout old Pete. He's built jest that way, and if you'll only be still, you'll see him perform by-and-by."

Presently they came to the river. While the stream was shallow, yet the water in the deepest place came up to the horse's belly. The New-Yorker noticed with some amusement and interest that, instead of simply drawing up his feet out of reach of the water, the guide extended his legs, without bending them, directly in front and almost horizontally; but he explained this to himself by reflecting that old Pete was short of stature, and such unusual posture became, therefore, necessary. Crossing the river, Tom motioned to my friend, and said, almost in a whisper:

"Now, no more talkin', stranger. The deer will be comin' down here to git a drink, and old Pete is likely to spot one and drap on his knees any time."

Bearing a little to the right, they followed a trail through some beautiful pine timber. Glancing

back, the Easterner saw the faithful pack-horse following at a respectful distance. Suddenly Tom stopped and said:

"Now, when you see old Pete drap on his knees, don't say nothin', but git off your horse, and throw the bridle-rein and follow close behind me."

Stealthily they proceeded through the silent forest. Without warning old Pete dropped on his knees. Dismounting, Tom beckoned to the young man to come nearer.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the tenderfoot, in an awed voice, "I must have that donkey. He dropped just once, didn't he? Does that mean a buck?"

"You bet your life it does."

"Where is he?" said the tenderfoot.

"Now you got me. Old Pete can't tell where he is. He ain't no Bible jackass. He can't talk. But you bet he sees him all right. It's up to us to locate him. Hush talkin' now, and follow me." Peering through the timber, he whispered: "There he is. See him? Gosh, he's a dandy! Jest come here and look down my rifle, and I'll show him to you."

"Oh yes, I see him," said the young man. "I see him, and he's a beauty."

"Now," whispered Tom, "jest crawl up behind this here big pine, and take rest and let him have it good. Aim a little low, right behind the shoulder. He's standin' jest right for you."

Bang! went the rifle of the tenderfoot, and the deer made a graceful bound, evidently unscathed, and disappeared.

"Too bad! You shot clean over him. Well, never mind. There's more where he come from. But hain't you got the buck ague? You're kind o' tremblin'. You have to take it mighty cool."

The tenderfoot was greatly excited, and, despite his guide's protest, would talk too loud.

"But, Tom, what will you take for the donkey? I must have him for the Adirondacks."

"Oh, he ain't for sale. He's my fortune. Be quiet, my friend. These woods is full of deer."

Mounting again, they followed up the trail. In his tumultuous excitement and eagerness for the fray it seemed a long time to the tenderfoot before old Pete dropped. But just as the trail curved to the left Pete again came down.

"I see him," said Tom. "No wonder old Pete drapped. Come this way. Any fool could hit that buck."

Sure enough, there on a little knoll not fifty yards away, stood a fine deer, his antlers proudly aloft. The tenderfoot took deliberate aim, and the buck dropped. The young hunter's pent-up emotions could no longer be suppressed. He yelled, threw his cow-boy hat in the air, and jumped up and down, crying:

"Hurrah for old Pete! Hurrah for old Pete!" He rushed to the donkey, patted him on the head,

laughed and yelled again. "Tom, what will you take for him? I've got the money, and just must have him."

"Say, I reckin you never shot much big game, did you? They ain't no more deer in these diggin's now. You've jest raised hell with 'em, stranger. We might as well cross the divide and take a bite of grub down by the North Fork where there's water. We'll let our critturs feed and rest, and then we'll cross the river for elk and caribou."

Before leaving the buck, Tom had cut off the fine head, jerked the quarters and hung them up, and tied to his saddle a piece of venison for supper.

"We'll get these when we come back to-morrow," he said.

"Do you think these horns will be safe here, Tom? I wouldn't lose them for my right hand."

"Oh yes, I know these here woods, every inch o' 'em. I could come to this here tree blindfold."

After the lunch by the river-bank, which both enjoyed, the tenderfoot handed Tom a fine cigar as he saw him about to light his old pipe. The three "critturs" were still feeding, for the grass in the river-bottom was long and tender. The saddles and pack had been removed, and men and beasts were refreshed. It must have been about two o'clock before they started to cross the North Fork. Over their noonday snack the tenderfoot had plied Tom with endless questions, and again tried to buy old Pete "for the Adirondacks." But the guide had

steadily refused to entertain any proposition of the kind. He had, however, told the tenderfoot that, in all likelihood, there would be no more game that day.

"You see, it's this way: the caribou in this here mountain feed higher up, and we won't strike 'em till to-morrow morning. Still, you can't never be sure 'bout these here woods. Old Pete may drap any time, so don't talk, and make jest as little racket as you kin help. I reckin it's goin' to be a bull elk next time. They ain't no caribou this low down. Mum's the word now, stranger. These is fine woods, and old Pete is a feelin' scrumptious."

The trail was growing more and more indistinct, and frequently the hunters encountered fallen timber, and had to pick their way with care.

"Partner," said Tom, "this is a great elk country we're comin' to now. If I ain't mightily fooled, from the way old Pete is actin' he is gettin' ready for a bull. Don't do no loud talkin'. The wind is blowin' our way, and that's in our favor, for it beats all how them elk can sniff a human."

Not a word passed between the men for a period that seemed almost interminable to the untrained and effusive tenderfoot. Emerging from the dense forest, they suddenly came into a sort of green meadow-like opening, where the sun could have fair play. Tom pointed to a bare, dusty place, and said, in a low voice:

"See that waller. They've been there to-day. I'll stake my scalp on it."

Passing quietly through the opening, they again entered the woods, and there were more fallen logs to climb over. The standing timber was not quite so thick, and at times one could see quite a distance up the divide. The stillness was almost oppressive to the tenderfoot, who kept his gaze fastened on old Pete. Suddenly the donkey stopped and went down on his knees twice. The tenderfoot was close behind, and Tom, dismounting, turned and motioned to him. He promptly got down, threw the bridle-rein over his horse's head, and, Winchester in hand, he noiselessly approached on tiptoe.

"Do you see him?" he whispered.

"Wait a minute, partner," said Tom, as he strained his eyes through the trees. "Yes, one, two, three. Golly! There's a big bunch on 'em, with a whoppin' old bull in the lead. Come here, and I can show 'em to you. Dead easy! And they 'ain't saw us, neither. They're comin' this way. You'd better drap down behind this big tree and be all ready. Now, don't shoot till you've got a dead cinch. You take the big bull in the lead. I'll bring down one of them follerin'."

They had left the horses in a thick underbrush where they were hidden from sight. When the herd came within fairly short range both men fired. Tom brought down his bull, but the leader staggered, fell, and, rising again, disappeared.

"Oh, partner, you've got him all right. You've got him. They hardly ever fall dead in their

tracks. Sometimes when you hit 'em right in the heart them big bulls will run a mile, but yourn ain't a-goin' to run no mile. I bet we'll find him stretched out on the ground not fur from here."

True to Tom's prophecy, it was not long before they found the dead bull. The tenderfoot was wild with joy, and his gratitude to old Pete was unbounded. "I tell you, Tom, he's a good one. What a sensation he would make in the Adirondacks! Now, look here, Tom, what will you take for him?"

Tom laughed, and made no reply. After securing the heads of the bulls, and as much meat as they could conveniently hang up for safe keeping until it was possible for Tom to come back for it, they moved on. The day had been a strenuous one for the New-Yorker, and now that the exhilaration was over, he realized for the first time that he was tired. A buck and a bull in one day was better luck by far than Tom had led him to expect, and as the sun was setting he welcomed the suggestion of the guide that they go into camp for the night. A cosey, sheltered spot was found near the river, and they soon had a cheerful camp-fire and a good dinner of savory venison and coffee, for Tom was an excellent cook. The New-Yorker thought he had never enjoyed a meal with keener relish. That night, as he crawled under his blankets, a strange sense of satisfaction possessed him, and as he fell asleep he was saying to himself: "If only I could take old Pete to the Adirondacks!"

A bright and early start was made next morning. It had been decided that, if the caribou could be secured early in the day, they would get back to Kootenai that evening. Tom felt somewhat doubtful, but was not without hope. It must have been nearly eight o'clock, and after they had been ascending the mountain circuitously for more than two hours, that Tom said:

"Now, partner, if old Pete don't skeer up a caribou in these here woods we're comin' to, it will be the first time he's ever gone back on me. Keep close to me, and don't talk."

Slowly and as noiselessly as possible they picked their way along. Elated as the tenderfoot was at having killed a deer and an elk, yet to fail in bringing down a caribou would have been the keenest disappointment. Tom also fully realized that a caribou was the real object of the hunt. Hence, there was a sort of tension of feeling and interest that was evident in his movements. Not one word had passed between the men for some time, when, to his great delight, the New-Yorker saw old Pete drop three times on his knees. He looked eagerly ahead to see if he could catch a glimpse of his first caribou; but in vain. He then turned appealingly to his guide.

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "I know old Pete seen him all right, but the brush is mighty thick here." He searched the distant bushes for some time. At last he whispered: "There! There he is.

He's walkin' along as if he owned a gold-mine, and he's a dandy."

The tenderfoot had caught a glimpse of him, and had levelled his Winchester. The caribou was just behind a cluster of small pines, and evidently had not scented the hunters.

"Take your time, partner. Get a good bead on him."

At the first shot the caribou fell upon his knees, but quickly recovered himself and started to run.

"Let him have it again," said Tom.

The second shot brought him down. An instant later the proud New-Yorker was standing triumphant over his prostrate bulk. No words can describe the scene. There was no longer need of restraint, and my young friend abandoned himself to the wild intoxication of the supreme moment of his life.

"Well, Tom, what a time we have had! Now I can go back East and die happy. I've got him. I've got him. Dear old Pete! I owe it all to you," and he threw himself upon the donkey's neck and embraced him.

It was necessary to strap the head of the caribou behind the saddle of the New-Yorker, for the other two heads would be all that the pack-horse could carry. When they started back down the mountain-side one could have heard the voice of the victorious hunter a long way off. By this time his desire to possess old Pete as his own had become his

master passion. He renewed again his offer, and pleaded with Tom. Finally, the guide said:

"You seem kind o' stuck on this here mule. I never 'lowed to sell old Pete, but bein' as it's you, and you got your heart so sot on him, maybe we can trade after all. 'Ceptin' for his huntin', old Pete ain't worth no big pile of money. He's small, and he's honery lookin', but you see what he kin do, and he's all the livin' I've got. Many's the dollar he's made for me."

"Well, Tom, what's your price for him?"

"I never sot no price on him. He didn't cost me no great pile, but, as I was sayin', he's all I've got. Could you afford to give me three hundred dollars for him?"

"Yes, I'll take him, and take him quick. That's a bargain. Get off and let me ride him. Here's two one-hundred-dollar bills and a draft on New York for a hundred dollars more."

The two men dismounted. The exchange was made and the money paid over. And now the New-Yorker's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. There was still a long ride before them, after the other heads had been picked up, and Tom had blazed a few trees leading to the places where the meat had been left. At noontime they stopped a little while, and made a meal on the canned goods and crackers and cheese of which Tom had laid in a large supply. The trail was shady, and the faithful beasts of burden, with their heads turned towards

home, made better time than usual. The sun was just sinking in the West when they reached the little river near the settlement of Kootenai, whence they started. The tenderfoot, astride old Pete, plunged in first, Tom and the pack-horse following close behind. When they got well into the river the New-Yorker, in keeping his feet clear of the stream, raised his heels and touched the donkey in the flanks. True to his training, as soon as he felt the pressure there, old Pete dropped upon his knees, half submerging his rider.

"Great Scott! Tom, what in thunder does he see now?" cried the frightened tenderfoot.

"I can't tell you," complacently replied the guide, "unless he sees a sucker." Then to the donkey: "Get up from there, old Pete. Don't you know you're on your way to the Adirondacks?"

CHAPTER IX

SOME WYOMING AND IDAHO MISSIONARIES

AMONG the most serious difficulties which confront a western missionary bishop is that of securing well-equipped ministers to assist him in his work. The salaries are necessarily so small that he is compelled to insist that men shall come unmarried, and this condition is made more imperative from the fact that social life in the mining-camp renders it a very undesirable place for women and children. As a result, the bishop must either take young, inexperienced men fresh from the seminaries, or he becomes the victim of a certain type of nomadic clergymen who move from diocese to diocese, never remaining long in one place because never succeeding anywhere. Thus, while the very wisest, most efficient, and devoted men are required to cope with the peculiar difficulties of a new country, and lay wisely the foundations of a new Christian civilization, such men are simply beyond his reach, save in a few exceptional cases. If a zealous and gifted young man is moved in his heart to go West, his success soon makes him a shining-mark for some comfortable Eastern parish, and he is lost

to the missionary field. Such men frequently accomplish excellent work while they remain, and I am glad to observe that a much larger number of well-equipped men are offering themselves year by year for this glorious work. Indeed, the tide of the missionary spirit is steadily rising, and the time is not far distant when, by virtue of the growing enthusiasm for missions, the church's noblest and best young men will claim the privilege of having a share in this heroic work in the mission field. It has never seemed to me too much to ask that every young clergyman who consecrates his life to the service of his fellow-man should be willing to spend at least the first four or five years of his ministry in the difficult and isolated stations of the church's frontier.

When, in 1887, I found myself the Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, there were eight clergymen of our church in the entire field, four in one territory and four in the other. The work had suffered sadly from the lack of Episcopal supervision, owing to the long vacancy; and it was evident that if any advance was to be made recruits must be secured. The case was so desperate that I felt disposed to take almost any earnest and godly man, whether an ordained clergyman or not.

It was at this time that I received a letter from a young Irishman. He informed me that he had just read in the Irish *Ecclesiastical Gazette* that I was the youngest Bishop in the American church, and that

I had the largest diocese; that I was sadly in need of men; and that my people were composed largely of miners and cow-boys and Indians. He begged to offer himself unreservedly for the work in my great territory. He was sorry that he was only a layman, but hoped some day to be ordained, and reminded me that he had had much experience in making addresses and in Christian work; that he was in the employ of the Primitive Methodist Evangelization Society, an organization in communion with the Church of Ireland, which had for its object preaching the simple Gospel to the poor and neglected; that he was associated with a number of young men in this good work, and, having been blessed with a measure of success, felt anxious to cast in his lot with me in the Far West. He added, that so far as salary was concerned, that was a matter of indifference to him, as his great object was to win souls, and he felt sure that the Lord would provide for his temporal needs. In my dire extremity I could not but regard this letter as providential, though I felt the importance of proceeding with all due caution. I replied that I was greatly pleased with the tone and spirit of his letter and his evident zeal in the good cause; that I was disposed to consider his application for work, only I must ask him to be good enough to refer me to some prominent clergymen and laymen who knew him well, and to whom I could write for information as to his qualifications and character. In due course of mail I received

another letter with the names of well-known dignitaries in the Irish church to whom he referred me. I wrote them, and I was fully reassured by their letters that the young man was entirely sincere and of an unblemished record, and that he possessed gifts which would fit him for a successful work. I therefore determined to receive him. Knowing that he was without funds, I sent him a draft for fifty dollars to help defray his expenses. In anticipation of his coming I arranged with the people in a coal-mining town in Wyoming to receive him as their missionary. The salary, even when supplemented by a small grant from the Board of Missions, was small; but the little flock was delighted at the prospect of having a pastor settled among them. My only regret was that his stipend was necessarily so inadequate, but I hoped that, being all alone, he could with economy manage to get on. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when a few days later I received a letter from him stating that my draft had reached him, and, while it was entirely unexpected, yet it was none the less acceptable; that he intended to sail in less than a week, and that, owing to the "mildness of the climate and the salubriousness of the air," of which he had read in the encyclopædias, he proposed to bring a wife along with him. This was almost too much even for Episcopal patience; but I was powerless. Already my young friend and his bride must have sailed. It was impossible to head him off by cable. I

hastened over to the mining-camp, and met in the evening at the company store around the stove, the prominent men of the little flock, and laid before them the sad predicament in which I found myself. Now, what could be done? The wife was surely coming. Immediately the mining boss spoke up:

"Look here, Mr. Bishop, that's all right. Don't you worry about that young wife. The one thing this here camp needs is a nice lady. We're glad he's going to bring his bride. We can raise twice as much money for her as we can for the parson. I'll go around among the boys, and I know many of them will double their subscriptions when I tell them the good news. We'll take care of them all right."

So I was in a measure comforted. I then began to be apprehensive about the severe climate in that bleak Wyoming camp, where the wind howled continuously, and snow might be expected almost every month in the year. It was evident that my young friend had been reading about Southern California, and the tropical regions of America, and supposed he was coming into a land smiling with plenty and abounding in luxuriant flowers and vegetation. When he actually arrived and got off the train in the midst of a raging blizzard, it is said he looked around with evident dismay and inquired: "But where are the poineapples?" But whatever disappointment the weather may have caused him and his charming young wife, there was

no disappointment for the people themselves. He proved to be a jewel, and soon won the hearts of the miners and their families; and, as to the young wife, she was greatly beloved. In the fullest sense she was a helpmeet to her husband, unselfish, gentle, devout, scrupulously neat as a housekeeper. The humble rectory soon became the centre of refining and elevating influence in the little community. After they had been there some months I made my first visitation to the mission where the young man had done such excellent work. Having received with much modesty my most sincere commendation, he said:

"Bishop, would you like to secure another Irishman?"

"Indeed, I should be delighted," I answered, "if he is at all like you."

"Oh," said he, "but he is far superior to me. He is an excellent preacher and most successful. He is one of my co-workers in the Primitive Methodist Society, and is a most eloquent man."

"But," I inquired, "would such an able man be willing to come?"

"Yes," he replied, "he is most anxious to come. I have written him about the work and the country, and he longs to join us."

"But," I continued, "have you told him of the small salary and the severe climate, and all the discouragements which surely await him?"

"Yes," he answered, "he knows it all, but such

difficulties do not dishearten him in the least. He is full of the missionary spirit."

Finally, after satisfying myself that his friend was a worthy and useful man, I said:

"One more question, my brother. Do you think he is such a man that the 'mildness of the climate and the salubriousness of the air' will induce to bring a wife along with him?"

"Indeed he is," he replied. "That is just the point. He is engaged to my wife's sister."

Of course, the prospect of getting two excellent missionaries instead of one led me to send another draft, and soon his friend came. These brethren have reflected honor upon their country, and won the respect of all who know them. From that same Irish society I obtained several more excellent men.

In the course of time one came whom I placed in a very discouraging coal-camp. He was there for several years, and his salary was very small. Now and then as I met him he would hint about his "loneliness," and intimate that he would like to get married; but I felt it my duty to advise him to wait until he should have a better place and a more comfortable income. One day he came to make me a visit. Before leaving he took my wife into his confidence, and begged her to use her influence with me to induce me to allow him to go to Ireland and bring over a wife. He told her he was engaged, and had been for five years; showed the

young woman's picture, and said she was anxious to join him and help him in his work. My wife urged him to go to my study and tell me the whole story, assuring him of my sympathy and cordial consent. But he declined to do so, saying that I was much opposed to my young clergy getting married on such small salaries and bringing a wife to such wretched places as mining-camps. He implored Mrs. Talbot to say nothing to me until he had gone, and then to break it to me gently. So, when my genial young guest had departed, I was duly waited upon, and promptly yielded to every demand.

A few weeks later I found myself the guest of the young missionary in his little sixty-dollar shack. I said:

"And so you are engaged?"

He blushed, and replied:

"Yes, Bishop."

"And you want to go over to Ireland and get her?"

"Yes, very much."

"Are you sure she will come back with you?"

"Oh yes; we have been engaged for years, and I get letters from her every week. Here is her picture," showing me the picture of a beautiful young woman.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that this lovely girl has promised to marry you and come to this camp?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "she is eager to come."

"But, my brother, do you realize how expensive it will be? It will cost a great deal of money for you to reach New York from here; and then there is the passage over to Ireland, and the voyage back for two, and the long journey from New York to Wyoming."

Still undismayed, he said: "I have figured it all out, and I have the money."

"You have the money?" I asked. "Where did you get it? You have only been receiving eight hundred dollars a year."

"Oh, I have saved it up, Bishop," he replied.

"You have?" said I. "Then evidently I have been paying you too much."

He laughed heartily, and then I congratulated him, and commended his rare financiering and good management, and told him I would gladly add a small check to show my appreciation.

"But," I continued, "now, my dear fellow, I hope you are perfectly sure she will come back with you. You have been gone a long time, and the girls are sometimes a little uncertain. Just think how horrible it would be, after spending all that money and cherishing this beautiful dream for years, were she to change her mind."

He took my facetious remarks good-naturedly, and laughed at the very idea that such a thing could possibly happen. This conversation took place early in September.

The following October I was attending the general convention in Baltimore. Sitting at my desk in the House of Bishops, the page brought me a number of letters. Among them I recognized the familiar handwriting of my young friend and an Irish post-mark. Opening the letter, I read as follows. I quote from memory, but substantially the letter as I received it:

"My dear Bishop,—I have a sad, sad story to tell you. You remember you warned me lest the young lady to whom I was engaged might deceive me. On reaching Ireland I went at once to the town in which she lives. She knew I was coming. As I was on my way to her house I met some of my old friends. One of them said: 'We are so glad to see you; but have you read yesterday's paper?' 'What paper?' I asked. 'Why, our town paper, in which it is announced that your girl is engaged to another man,' mentioning his name. At first I thought they were joking, but with much earnestness they assured me it was true. Still I could not believe it. I determined to go and see for myself. When I reached her home she did not receive me as cordially as I had expected, and soon she told me what had happened. She said that she had waited and waited until hope deferred had made her heart-sick, and that, besides, she had always loved the other young man. It was a staggering blow. Think of the cruelty of it! She had waited until I actually got back to crush my heart with disappointment. Life seemed no longer worth living. I wished that the ground might open and swallow me up. I hardly knew which way to turn. My mother did all she could to console me. She told me I ought to congratulate myself that I had made such a narrow escape; that the girl never was worthy of me, and that she always feared she might serve me in some such manner. She added: 'Now, my son, cheer up. Do not think of it any

more. Let no one know what has happened. There are just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. Do not mope around and distress yourself about that girl. Here is something that will interest you," showing me an invitation to a reception to be given me that week by my old friends and neighbors. I told my mother that I simply could not go to any reception; that I felt more like going to bed; that my heart was broken. But she urged me to go, reminded me that I was young and that life was before me; that I must be brave and meet the world with courage; that not to go to the reception so kindly given would cause serious offence and call for explanations which would be embarrassing; that I simply must go. And so, Bishop, I went. There were many of my old friends present. Of course, in a way I was glad to see them, but I was in no frame of mind to enjoy anything. It required a terrible effort to keep up. But as the evening advanced I met a young lady whom I had known as a child. During my absence she had grown to womanhood. Oh, Bishop, I wish you could hear her play the piano! Such exquisite touch I never before heard! Then her voice! As she sang some of those beautiful hymns, like 'Abide with Me' and 'Lead, Kindly Light,' it just seemed to me I was in heaven. Gradually I began to forget my sorrow. I lingered and she sang on. When I left I asked her if I could not come over the next morning and hear some more music. She said she would be glad to have me do so. So I went again. I then asked her if I could not come again in the afternoon. She said certainly I could. And then, Bishop, it occurred to me what a splendid missionary she would make; and I thought of you. I knew you would have no respect for me if I did not bring a wife back with me. So I at last asked her if she did not want to be a missionary and go back with me. She said she did; that she had always wished to be a missionary. So we called in the old folks, and they gave us their blessing, and we are going to be married early in October, and leave at the same time I originally intended for America.

Just one thing more, Bishop. Please do not let my people know that I am not bringing back the same girl I came over for."

In this instance, again, I am most grateful to relate that no mistake was made. Say what one may about the suddenness of it, a most kindly Providence must have guided our young friend and more than compensated him for his disappointment.

On one occasion a letter from the Bishop of Pittsburg arrived asking me if I could make use of a young Welshman who had been a pastor in a non-Episcopal church in the suburbs of Pittsburg. The Bishop represented him as devout and earnest, and as one who had made a change in his ecclesiastical relations from honorable motives of conviction, and assured me that he had enjoyed the respect of the religious body from which he came. I had a little church vacant at Douglas, Wyoming. We had bought it from our Congregational brethren, and a number of their people had decided to throw in their lot with us. Of Episcopalians, strictly speaking, there was not one in the place; but there was a strong desire on the part of many in the little community for an Episcopal church. I felt that as the new minister was unaccustomed to our services he would be, in this respect, only on a par with his flock, and they could gradually learn together. So I requested the Bishop to send him on. He arrived at the Episcopal residence at Laramie one Friday morning. The next Sunday I was under promise

to have him installed in his new parish. When he presented himself at my front-door my heart sank within me. He was so diminutive, and so demure. But I gave him a cordial welcome. I soon ascertained that he was entirely unfamiliar with the Prayer-Book and our form of worship, and, so far from having any clerical vestments, he did not even know their names, or how they were to be worn. In reply to nearly every question I asked him he confessed to absolute ignorance, but assured me that he was sound on the doctrine of the apostolic succession.

"But, my brother, do you know how to conduct the services?"

"No, my lord, but I believe with all my soul in the doctrine of the apostolic succession."

"Have you ever taken any part in conducting one of our services?"

"No, my lord, but I think the Bishop of Pittsburg will assure you that I am stanch on the doctrine of apostolic succession."

It was rather discouraging. At length I ventured to beg him not to address me as "my lord," explaining to him that in America we are a very democratic people, and such titles of nobility are quite out of place.

"Then what would your lordship have me call you?"

"Just 'Bishop,' if you please."

"Oh, my lord, excuse me, but it is impossible. I

could never presume to be so familiar with your lordship."

We had to start for Douglas the next morning, and there was no time to be lost. I first addressed myself to the problem of getting the little man properly vested. A large cassock had come in a missionary box, but when I tried it on him he was literally lost. But the good ladies of the household came to my rescue, and we cut off the sleeves, and about two feet of the length, and tucked up the back, until finally he made a very respectable appearance in it. Then we found a little cotta in our boy choir which fitted him admirably. Next I began to drill him in the church service, and told him how to find the lessons, and how to announce them; and instructed him as to the postures to be observed. Taking him into the procathedral, I gave him some suggestions as to the reverent conduct of morning and evening prayer. My only comfort was that, even if he made mistakes, his congregation would not recognize them as such. Early the next day we left for Douglas.

At that time the Cheyenne & Northern Railway was only built as far as the Platte River, and at the terminus, as was usual, there was a motley crowd of graders with their teams. When the day's work was over they made the night hideous with their drunken revels, firing off pistols, and yelling and swearing until sleep was next to an impossibility. All lived in tents. One of the officers of the crew

most kindly gave us a tent to ourselves, but even then my young brother was far from happy. Of course we had to sleep on the ground, and that almost broke his heart; not that he cared for himself, but, said he: "Think of your lordship sleeping in this rude tent on the ground." Just then a pistol was fired off within a few feet of us.

"Oh, my lord, are you hit?"

By the candle-light I could see that he was pale with fright. I fear he passed a wretched and sleepless night.

The next morning we had to take the stage. I offered him my seat on the box with the driver, but he preferred to get inside. The motion of the stage and the tobacco-smoke made him deathly sick. When we reached the river we found it very high for fording. The water came into the coach, and the current was very swift. In truth, there was much danger in crossing, and I did not wonder that my little friend was alarmed. Once safely over, he was evidently much relieved, but very silent.

We reached Douglas about six o'clock in the evening, Saturday. It was court week, and the hotel was crowded. I presented the new minister to the proprietor, as he was to board at the hotel and I wished him to feel at home. I asked the landlord if he could give us each a room. He was very sorry, but the hotel was so crowded there was only one room to spare.

"If you and the young man will sleep together I think you will be comfortable," he said.

"Very well," I replied. "How does that suit you, my brother?"

"Oh, my lord, please excuse me. I could not do that. Think of my sleeping with your lordship!"

It was in vain that I told him I often slept with my clergy, and considered myself fortunate to get a bed at all. I could do nothing with him. He said he would sleep on the floor. Later in the evening the proprietor came to me and said:

"Bishop, I guess that little preacher is a tenderfoot, ain't he?"

"Yes," I said, "most tender."

"Well, I have been able to make a new deal, and he can have a room all to himself."

So the vexed question was settled.

Early the next morning, Sunday, I heard a gentle rap on my door. It was the new minister. As I opened the door he said:

"Oh, my lord, I have not been able to sleep for thinking of you. You have no valet, no one to wait on your lordship. I have come to ask if I may not have the honor of blackening your lordship's boots?"

"Thank you," I said, "but I have already finished that part of my toilet. Come in and put up your foot and let me give you a shine."

"Oh, my lord, shocking! And does your lordship have to blacken your own boots?"

To a man brought up in the old country, with the ideas of dignity and deference and awe felt there for the person and office of a bishop, it was a great trial to the righteous soul of my little friend to note the habits of an American bishop.

The hour of service drew nigh, and we went up to the little church in good time so I could give him one farewell rehearsal. According to the announcement he was to preach. He got through the service remarkably well, and, as he had been accustomed to extempore speaking, gave us an excellent sermon on the text "God is Love." The only departure from good form happened at the close of the sermon, when he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention. Good-bye, until this evening."

It is greatly to the credit both of my young brother and of his people that their relations continued for several years, and that he was greatly beloved by the community. In due time he passed his examinations, and was ordained.

I am glad to be able to say that my experience with missionaries of other religious bodies was always pleasant. Indeed, the denominational lines were less distinctly drawn on the frontier than in older communities. Occasionally, there would crop out a little good-natured rivalry between the churches. At one place where I had organized a "preachers' meeting," which was held in my study every Monday morning, there was an interesting

passage-at-arms. For months the various ministers had met with me, and there had not been a jar or note of discord. But it happened that in the prosecution of my work I had recently delivered a series of lectures on the claims of the Episcopal Church in its faith and ministry and sacraments. At the close of the lectures a large number of people offered themselves for confirmation. Of these, some had attended upon the ministrations of my several brethren of other churches. It was perfectly natural that this should have aroused a little feeling, especially as I felt it my duty to dwell strongly upon the question of ordination and ministerial authority. So, on the Monday following the confirmation service, all gathered as usual, but I thought I could notice a little coolness of manner on the part of two or three of the ministers. It chanced that a young Baptist minister had recently come to town, but had never attended our "preachers' meeting." I had, therefore, called upon him and urged him to be present, and assured him of a fraternal welcome. He was there. When the meeting was called to order one of the brethren remarked that he understood the Rev. Mr. Blank had prepared a platform looking to the better organization of the preachers' meeting. Whereupon, I ventured to say that I did not see the need of any written platform; that hitherto we had met together very unconventionally, and all had proceeded amicably; and that I could not but feel that one reason of our perfect

agreement was the absence of any formal, written constitution. However, I added that if Brother Blank wished to present a platform I should be entirely willing to hear it read. It was then moved and carried that the platform be presented. It read as follows:

"In order to promote that fraternal feeling which should subsist between all of God's people, and especially between those whom He has set apart as leaders in his church, we hereby express our belief in and assent to the equal ministerial and ecclesiastical authority of each other in the Church of God."

Of course I saw at once the drift of the platform. It was a rebuke to my claims of an apostolic ministry—the crux between them and myself. But I was determined not to take it to myself. Near by sat my kind and unsuspecting Baptist brother. I could see at a glance that the platform was just as applicable to him as to me. I arose and said:

"Brethren, I am very sorry that this platform should be presented on this occasion particularly. We have invited here for the first time our Baptist brother. He is our guest. He came somewhat reluctantly, as he had never met any of you, but I called on him and begged him to meet with us, and assured him of a most cordial and fraternal welcome. Now I deeply regret that he has scarcely taken his seat before you present for his signature a docu-

ment which you must all have known he cannot possibly sign. Our brother is a conscientious Baptist, and, as such, honestly believes that no one has been baptized who has not been immersed. Of course, he cannot recognize your ordination or mine, as from his point of view we have not even been baptized. He may grant us honest, and recognize us as Christians, but when you come to a question of ministerial authority he must draw the line. I appeal, brethren, on behalf of this our brother. This is the close of the nineteenth century, and not the age of the Inquisition. I believe our brother has as much right here as any of us, and I hope the platform will not be adopted."

How well I remember the scene! My young Baptist brother stood up, and with much emotion said:

"Brethren, I wish first of all to thank Brother Talbot for saying for me that which it would have been so difficult for me to say for myself. Brethren, I love you all, and, as Brother Talbot has said, I have no doubt you love the Master as devotedly as I do. I recognize you as Christians and as brethren, but as I read my Bible I can only find one mode of baptism—namely, immersion. I cannot, therefore, acknowledge your ministerial authority, as baptism is a prerequisite to the ministry. I am sorry that this platform has been presented, for I had looked forward with pleasure to our intercourse together." He then resumed his seat.

Another minister arose. He said:

"Brethren, I am amazed at this platform. I have preached the gospel all over the country, and I never heard such a platform as this. Of course, our Baptist brother cannot sign it, and we have no right to ask him to sign it. Indeed, when I come to think of it, I can hardly see how Brother Talbot himself can sign it."

So the issue of the platform was ended, and our Baptist brother won the day.

The heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion evinced by our Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Roman Catholic, and other brethren in the Far West were such as to win my reverent regard. And great is the debt which our new civilization owes to these pioneers of the Gospel.

CHAPTER X

TWO FAMILIAR TYPES

THOSE of my readers who are familiar with Owen Wister's *Lin McLean* and *The Virginian* will have learned something of the true nature of the cow-boy, and that, despite his rough exterior, he is capable of loyal friendship and deeds of valor. It was at Fort Washakie that I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wister, and I have always supposed that he was one of my hearers that night when I preached the sermon on the Prodigal Son, on which his hero, *Lin McLean*, makes such interesting comments.

Be that as it may, it was on the edge of that same reservation that my friend, Mr. J. K. Moore, had the round-up at which a certain famous cow-boy figured conspicuously. This man had come from Texas; not voluntarily, but because the climate had become too warm for him. He had killed several men in a drinking row in that State. The Texan, for thus we shall designate him, had changed his name, so that his identity might be lost, and had apprised only his immediate friends at home of this fact.

During a long stage-ride towards the north, a drummer — a particular friend of mine — and two cow-punchers returning from Texas were among the passengers. The cow-boys happened to learn that my friend was on his way to a large supply store where they knew the Texan did his trading. Feeling entire confidence in the drummer, they intrusted to his care a letter for the Texan which some dear one at home had given them rather than run the risk of sending it through the mail.

On arriving at his destination my friend made inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Texan, and learned that he had just come in from the round-up, and was on a spree, terrorizing all who came in contact with him. When the drummer ascertained the reputation of the man whom he was seeking he discreetly bided his time until the Texan had sobered off. He then handed him the letter. It was evident that the Texan was overjoyed to receive the news from home, and, after eagerly devouring it, turned to my friend, and said:

"Runner, how in the hell did you know where to find me?"

The drummer replied that he did not know, but had been looking for him for several days; that he had received the most explicit instructions not to part with the letter until he could deliver it personally; and failing to find him he was to mail it to a certain address in San Antonio, Texas.

"Well, stranger, you have made a friend forever of the very meanest cow-puncher in Wyoming. But it's worth standing 'twixt you and a bullet to get this letter."

The two parted, neither, perhaps, thinking any more of the incident.

A year passed, and a busy land-office had been established just across the Wyoming line in the State of Nebraska. The drummer was called there on business. As is always the case in such a motley frontier gathering, many unscrupulous characters had crowded in to prey upon the unsuspecting tenderfoot. Men of this type always wore the outward symbols of the cow-puncher, and conspicuously displayed their .44 revolvers. It was the time of a great round-up, and the company store was full of cow-boys. In this gathering the drummer was surprised to encounter "the meanest cow-puncher in Wyoming," as the Texan had styled himself. A cordial greeting passed between them, and the Texan expressed much delight in seeing his benefactor again, and then passed to the other end of the store. My friend was selling a line of hats, and happened to put on a white derby from his box of samples. Immediately one of these would-be "bad men" of the tin-horn variety, in a loud voice, accosted him.

"Say, stranger, don't you know you are transgressing one of our unwritten laws? That hat of yours can't stand this climate unless we let a little

air in it." At the same time he suggestively tapped the pistol at his belt.

A crowd promptly gathered to see the fun. This was the opportunity the Texan had sought to prove his heartfelt gratitude to the man who had befriended him. With vulture-like voracity he seized it. Advancing towards my friend he said:

"Say, Mr. Runner, did you know that we have imported the best back-stepper in the States, and this is him? I know you want to see him dance." Drawing his .38 he ordered the officious bully to begin.

The Texan was no stranger to him, and he lost no time in obeying. The frail structure of the store fairly shook, and a few canned goods dropped from the shelves, but the enjoyment was too evident on all sides to allow the sport to be discontinued. Utterly worn out, time and again the victim, with his two .44's dangling uselessly at his sides, gave his tormentor a doglike look of appeal; but no mercy was shown him, and he was ordered to "keep it up." At last my friend begged that the poor fellow be allowed to rest.

"Only on one condition," said the Texan, addressing the dancer. "You either leave these diggings to-night, or I'll make a ring out here in front of this store to-morrow morning, and let this man that you have insulted beat hell out of you."

The drummer, unaccustomed to battle in the arena, was greatly relieved the next morning to find the bully had fled.

That night the drummer was destined to witness a still more painful exhibition of the Texan's cool and relentless mastery of a dangerous situation. There was to be a cow-boy dance in which all the rough element of that frontier community was expected to participate. The cow-boy insisted upon taking his new friend with him, assuring the drummer when he appeared reluctant that it would be a sight worth seeing, and that he would get him safely through. They went together. All progressed smoothly until about midnight, when the dance was in full swing, and the Texan had distinguished himself by his grace and abandon as a dancer. Suddenly an excited man rushed in to the hall, and, seizing the Texan by the arm, cried out:

"Big Steve is on a drunk, and is coming. He's here already. You'll have to be quick."

The Texan barely had time to throw aside the girl with whom he was dancing and to draw his six-shooter, when there was a commotion among the crowd at the other end of the hall, and there appeared at the doorway a dust-covered man and horse. It was Big Steve, the Texan's well-known enemy, whom he had vowed to shoot on sight. To the consternation of the dancers the big man rode his bronco straight through their midst to the centre of the hall, evidently seeking his foe. But, quick as a flash, before he had time to single out the object of his search, the Texan had taken careful aim and fired. For an instant a red spot appeared in

Big Steve's forehead. He reeled in his saddle, and fell from his horse—dead. There was no further excitement. The dance broke up, the guests scattering to their homes. No effort was made to bring the Texan to justice. The deadly feud between these two men had become notorious, and it was generally understood that one of them must die. The survivor in this mortal combat bade the drummer good-bye, as if nothing had happened, and before morning dawned had ridden quietly out of the town.

When next I heard of the Texan he was the trusted agent of the cattle-men who had organized to rid the country of the thieves with which Wyoming was so grievously afflicted. The cow-puncher's wide acquaintance among men of his own class, the respeetful awe with which he was regarded by them, his rare knowledge of human nature, and his unswerving loyalty to the righteous cause which he represented, made his services indispensable as a leader in that memorable crisis of the cattle industry of the State.

Such was the type of man who won the admiration and respect of a people who worshipped personal loyalty and physical courage. And, indeed, there was in the man's soul a genuine spark of true nobility. In his dealings with his friends he reached a higher standard of honor than is common among men, and he was never known to break his word.

Another type encountered everywhere in the

West at that time and made familiar to the reading public by many works of fiction dealing with frontier life was the professional gambler. Again and again, in the prosecution of my work, I was thrown into relations more or less close with these men. I cannot recall one instance where those who followed this vocation pretended to defend their manner of life. On the contrary, they would admit they were heartily ashamed of it, usually alleging that they had been driven to this means of livelihood through force of circumstances, and assuring me that they proposed to abandon it at the first opportunity. But the life possessed a strange fascination for its devotees, and I have known only a few instances where they have carried out their purpose of amendment. There seems to be a sort of excitement connected with the element of uncertainty and chance from which it is next to impossible for the professional gambler to break away. It is the one vice which seems wellnigh hopeless, and against which I always found it difficult to make any headway.

Among the boys who attended my school in Missouri was the son of a minister of another religious body, a most devout and excellent man. This boy was his only child, and the mother had died when he was very young. As a result, the lad's early training devolved largely upon others, especially as the pastoral duties of his father kept him almost constantly from home. When placed in my school

the boy seemed to be of a dreamy and unpractical turn of mind, not given to study but fond of reading stories of adventure. I would frequently find him absorbed in some cheap, sensational novel of a blood-curdling nature, and his appetite for that sort of literature was insatiable. At the same time he had an affectionate nature, and one could not but be attracted to him. After leaving school his father found some employment for him, but he evinced no aptitude for business, and became restless and discontented.

One day his father came to see me in great distress to inform me that his son had run away from home during his absence, and had not been heard of for nearly a month.

A few years later I was elected Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, and as I was about to leave for the West the broken-hearted father again paid me a visit. His grief over the disappearance of his child was all the more acute because of his suspense as to his whereabouts. He said he had come to see me because he felt persuaded that his son had gone to the Far West; that the boy had often expressed to him his purpose of making that country his home as soon as he reached his majority; that he was constantly talking about Buffalo Bill and other Western heroes; that he had found in his room no other books but romances of miners, cow-boys, gamblers, and stage-robbers. He begged me, therefore, to bear his son in mind, and said he felt that, in

God's providence, I should surely be the means of finding and saving him. It was in vain that I reminded him what a vast and almost unlimited area the West comprised, and how unlikely it was that in my journeying through such a thinly populated district as Wyoming and Idaho I should come across his boy. But so strongly was he convinced that I should surely find him that his attitude made a deep impression on my mind.

After I had entered upon my Western work I received frequent letters from the minister, imploring me not to forget his request, and assuring me that he was making the recovery of his wandering boy the subject of earnest prayer day by day. Of course, under these circumstances the matter was frequently upon my mind, but I had not the slightest hope of ever meeting the youth, nor did I share the father's opinion as to the certainty of his having gone West.

Eight or ten years must have passed when, one night, I found myself on a train bound for Boisé City in Idaho. The hour was past midnight, and I could not reach my destination until early the next morning. Only a few men were in the coach, and as I took my seat I observed just opposite me a young man about thirty years of age. Something about his appearance attracted my attention. He was evidently a sporting man, as his dress, his large black mustache and general bearing clearly indicated. Tired as I was, I could not help looking at

him; for there seemed something strangely familiar in his face; but I found the effort to recall where I had seen him before entirely futile. It was also evident that he was interested in my presence, and was rather critically surveying me. Just as I was about to stretch myself out on the seat for a little sleep he came across the aisle and addressed me.

"Are you not the Bishop?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "and your face recalls some one whom I have known."

He smiled, and I recognized him as my former pupil, and called his name.

"You are right," he said, "only I am not known by that name any longer. My name here is Henry D. Waters. I knew you were out in this Western country," he continued, "and I have been anxious to look you up; but the fact is I have been rather afraid to meet you. I knew you would feel it your duty to write my father that you had found me, and then I felt sure you would ask me what I was doing, and when you learned my business you would be ashamed of me."

As I realized that, after all these years, I had actually come face to face with my young friend, I was profoundly impressed with the significance of the occasion, and deeply anxious to learn all that he would reveal of himself. I gradually drew him out, and finally he frankly told me that he was a professional gambler. He had recently been running a faro-bank.

"Did you ever see one, Bishop?" he asked. "If you will step across here I would like to show it to you, and also let you see some of my other deals. I have one of the best outfits in the Rockies. I think some of my games will interest you."

It was a novel situation in which I found myself, and I was not a little amazed at the cool nonchalance with which he proceeded to display his paraphernalia. In his manner there was not the slightest suggestion of compunction of conscience.

"Now, first of all," he remarked, "to show you that I am not in this business for my health, look at this."

As he spoke he reached down and produced an ornamental hand-bag, and took out of it a buckskin wallet which must have contained a quart of gold coins in five, ten, and twenty-dollar gold-pieces. As I was examining it I also noticed in the hand-bag a revolver. He pointed out the superb workmanship of this weapon, and said:

"Of course, I always carry another gun in my hip-pocket."

Then reaching up, he brought down from the rack a gilt-mounted and highly polished wooden box which contained "two or three secrets of the trade," as he called them. I can only recall distinctly now the "faro-bank lay-out" upon whose merits he discoursed for some time. As he explained the working of this device I was painfully impressed with the feeling that it was an ill-disguised swindle. I ventured to say to him:

"Is this a fair and square deal?"

He smiled and replied:

"Well, of course, the fellow who runs the bank has a big advantage in the end."

Referring again to the bag of gold, he said:

"This is all mine, Bishop, and I am on my way to Boisé to add to my pile. You know the legislature is now in session up there, and there is always plenty of money at this time, and I am expecting quite a 'rake-in.'"

He seemed to be afraid that I should attempt to lecture him, and I thought I could see on his part a plan to kill time by monopolizing the conversation so as to forestall me. After he had quite finished telling me about some of his "big hauls," and explaining to me the several gambling devices which he had with him, he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Now I see you want to talk to me. If you are going to advise me to give up this business, I'll just say I've already made up my mind to do so. I have had enough of it. It is a dog's life. It keeps a man on the strain day and night, and I don't wonder that so many gamblers lose their minds. Then it throws a man into the meanest and most unprincipled crowd of rascals that walk the earth. The only thing that has kept me going all these years is the fact that I don't touch a drop, and so keep cool. I have been at times mighty lucky, and then again I lose every red. Just now, as you see,"

looking at his wallet, "I am well heeled. But after this session of the legislature is over I am going to swear off for good."

I thought he had put forth a rather clever argument against the evils of a life of gambling, and felt that he had decidedly anticipated me. I am not prepared to assert that my young friend was deliberately trying to deceive me as to his future course. Indeed, I am rather disposed to believe that at that time he really meant to abandon a life which, in those better moments that come to all men, he found so very unsatisfactory. All through the night I talked with him, and tried to make him realize the inevitable end of a career such as he had espoused. I dwelt upon the pain and humiliation the knowledge of it would give his father; told him of the long and anxious years of prayer and solicitude through which the old man had passed on his account; and pleaded with him to free himself from the debasing associations of his environment before it was too late. He stoutly reaffirmed his good resolution of amendment, expressing much affection for his father, and begged me not to inform "the governor" as to his manner of life; he also promised to write him a good letter, and to keep in touch with him henceforth. But, as through years of sad experience with men of his type I had been made familiar with the terrible fascination of the gambling habit, I confess I had but little hope of the successful outcome of our interview. As a mat-

ter of fact, he did, for a little while, embark in the real-estate business, married an estimable young woman, and settled down. But he soon got tired of a life which seemed to him so prosaic, and went back to the more congenial atmosphere of his old profession. It was at least a great comfort to the aged parent to hear from me that I had found his boy, and that he was looking so well. One or two letters actually passed between them. Subsequently, all correspondence ceased, and the letters sent by his father were unclaimed and returned. His habit of assuming different names as the fancy struck him, and thus hiding his identity, made it next to impossible to trace him. In a recent letter from the father, I learn that he has no idea of his son's present whereabouts. No tidings have come from him for years. But the old man's loving solicitude and heart-felt anxiety have never ceased. One can only hope that the object of such tender affection and so many prayers may even yet "come to himself" and cheer the declining years of a father so steadfast in his devotion. The story is typical of a certain class of young men who have not the moral stamina to resist the influences of an environment which in a new country is very seductive.

CHAPTER XI

HERE AND THERE AMONG MY FLOCK

THERE were several military garrisons distributed throughout Wyoming and Idaho when I was sent there as bishop. In Wyoming were Forts Russell, McKinney, Laramie, and Washakie, while at Rock Springs the government maintained a small troop in order to protect the property of the Union Pacific Railroad and preserve peace in the mines. In Idaho were Fort Sherman and Boisé Barracks. Once a year, as in the course of my visitations I came near these military posts, it was my custom to hold service for the soldiers. Some of the most valued friendships I had the privilege of making in the West were formed during those annual visits. At Fort Sherman I met General Carlin, and Captains Price, Coates, Bubb, and Thompson; while at various posts in Wyoming I knew Colonels Burt, Coolidge, Freeman, and other officers under their command. Of these worthy representatives of our army, some have since returned and others have been promoted to higher rank. The cordial welcome and gracious hospitality uniformly extended to me by the officers and

their families never failed to make my brief sojourn with them memorable; and I shall always cherish a most grateful recollection of these bright spots in my missionary experiences. The glimpses I thus obtained of army life left on my mind a most favorable impression of the dignified and soldierly bearing of the men commanding the United States forces in the West. I have since followed the careers of my army friends with the keenest interest, and have felt it an honor to have been thrown into such close relations with them.

Among the prominent laymen whom it was always a pleasure to meet in my busy life as a bishop were Senators Carey, Warren, and Clark of Wyoming, and our distinguished representative, Congressman Mondell. In Idaho were Senators Shoup, Dubois, and Heyburn. Of these latter Senator Shoup has recently passed away. He was, perhaps, the best-beloved man in Idaho, quite apart from his political affiliations. Indeed, he was one of nature's noblemen, and I cherished for him the warmest affection. He was a native of Pennsylvania, served through the Civil War with distinction, and afterwards had a most thrilling experience in Indian wars in Colorado and elsewhere. He was absolutely without fear, and under his courageous leadership as colonel the warlike tribes that had terrorized the frontier were speedily brought under the strong arm of the government. He was generous to a fault, modest and unaffected, of

transparent integrity of character, and instinctively won the confidence of men. He was always ready to respond with generous liberality to every good cause.

The mention of Senator Shoup's venerated name leads me to state that the conditions of frontier life often developed a high type of manhood, quite unusual elsewhere. Frequently these men were not connected with any church, a fact which may be explained by the absence of organized Christianity during the earlier years of their residence there; but they were in fullest sympathy with the principles of righteousness for which the church stands, and could always be relied upon to use their influence in behalf of decency and morality. They were the warm personal friends of the clergy in general, and a bishop felt the stronger for their outspoken loyalty and support. Their wives and families were, for the most part, members of my flock, and I always thought of the men themselves as an important part of my diocesan family.

In the Wood River country of Idaho there lived a most lovable man of whom I became very fond. His wife was a cultured gentlewoman, devoted to her husband, and enthusiastically interested in the church. I was frequently entertained at their house. It was a cause of great concern to her that her noble husband had never been confirmed. There was one weakness that held him back. The Colonel would occasionally give way to the con-

vivial habits so common in the West, and his sprees would continue for some days. These periodical lapses greatly mortified his wife. When they were over the colonel was duly penitent, and would brace up bravely, and sometimes be able to remain firm for several months. But the consciousness of this tendency made him hesitate to take a position as a member of the church, lest in some evil hour he might bring contempt upon a cause for which at heart he cherished the profoundest respect. Just before leaving Idaho to become Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, I was making my last visitation to the little parish where the Colonel lived. They again claimed me as their guest, and, on my arrival, his wife had much to say about her husband's relation to the church. She dwelt upon the long friendship that had subsisted between himself and me, and was good enough to say that he was deeply grieved at the thought of my leaving Idaho; that he was fond of me, and that I had more influence with him than any one else; that she felt sure he was thinking seriously of being confirmed, for she had talked with him about it; that she believed, if I would present the matter to him, he would decide to act; that in order to give me a good opportunity to do so, she had arranged for me to be alone with him after dinner. When we were together I followed out the suggestions of his good wife, and told him that I believed the grace and spiritual strength which confirmation was intended

to convey would enable him to lead a consistent life; that hitherto he had made the struggle alone, but that the church was established on earth in order to help men to overcome temptation and to give them a support not to be found elsewhere. My argument seemed to impress him. He listened with evident interest and every mark of respectful consideration. When I had finished he said he supposed I was right, and that he had often thought of taking the step to which I urged him, but he continued:

"I should like to ask you a few questions, if you do not object."

"I shall be only too glad to answer them if I can, Colonel. Please proceed."

"Well, Bishop, do you think my wife is a good woman?"

"One of the best I have ever known."

"Do you think she is a Christian?"

"If she is not, I should doubt whether any of us could be so considered."

"Well, now, do you think she will make it?"

"How is that, Colonel?" I asked.

"Do you think my wife will get in?"

Still determined not to appear to divine his meaning, I said: "Excuse me, Colonel, but please explain."

"I simply mean this, Bishop: Do you think that St. Peter will let the old lady pass through the pearly gates?"

"I have not a doubt of it, Colonel."

"Then you think that you can guarantee that she will get in?"

"So far as my opinion is worth anything, I cannot for a moment question it."

"Well, then, if that is so, I do not think I shall be confirmed. In fact, I do not see that I need to be. You see, Bishop, it is just this way: If the old lady gets in, and they lock the door against the old man, she will simply raise hell until she gets me let in. And she's sure to succeed."

It was in vain that I tried to convince him of the futility of such an argument. His faith in his wife's influence was too strong to be shaken by anything I could allege. I have never seen so firm a believer in the doctrine of the "Intercession of the Saints." Ah, well, they have both gone hence, dear, good souls! And it is not for us to presume to place any limitations on the boundless mercy of Him who knoweth so well whereof we are made.

One evening, on reaching a mining-camp, I was in the wash-room preparing for dinner after a dusty ride in the stage-coach. In the adjoining hotel office I overheard this conversation.

"Are you going to hear the Bishop talk this evening?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I thought I would go. They say there's quite a number goin' to join the church."

"Is that so? Do you know who they be?"

"No, I 'ain't heered who they all be, only they tell me Jake Simpson's got religion, and he's among them."

"You don't say! Well, that beats the Dutch. If he's got religion, I'll bet ten to one he's got it in his wife's name."

I did not fully comprehend the significance of this comment until later, when I learned that Jake did not enjoy the best reputation as a man of business integrity, and whenever his creditors, who were numerous, tried to collect their bills they found that he had put everything in his wife's name. Evidently his friends thought that Jake would be likely to carry the same tactics into his religious practice.

It was during this visit that a saloon-keeper called on me at my hotel. When I came down-stairs he said:

"Bishop, we have three kids for you to brand, and the old woman asked me to come and see if you could not do it some time to-morrow. Bishop Tuttle fixed up all the rest on 'em when he was here the last time."

Of course, I was glad to have the privilege of baptizing the dear little children, and an hour was agreed upon.

"Well, now, Bishop, the old woman would like to have a little spread and celebrate the occasion, if you don't object. You see, we are all old-country folks."

It would surprise some of my readers to have seen how genteel a company gathered on that occasion at this saloon-keeper's house. The tastefully dressed men and women, the modest and reverent behavior of all during the service, the delicious refreshments served in perfect form—for all this I was hardly prepared myself. Then the toasts proposed for the health of the newly baptized little Christians completed a function in every way seemly and appropriate.

On this occasion I met a Mrs. Thompson, who told me an amusing incident in connection with Bishop Tuttle, my predecessor. This good woman was a Missourian, like myself, and very proud of her native State. She was always quick to resent the slightest imputation against it. The Bishop had been elected to Missouri, and was making his last round of visitations before leaving Idaho to take up his new work. He was calling on the Thompson family. With a good deal of emotion he said:

"Yes, my dear friends, in God's providence I have been elected Bishop of Missouri. I have thought of it much, and prayed over it faithfully, and it seems to be my duty to accept this call. And so, in a few weeks, I am to say good-bye to dear Idaho, and leave for Missouri. And at length," he added, sadly, "I must fold my hands in death, and be buried in old Missouri."

"Oh, Bishop, don't feel so badly about it," said

Mrs. Thompson. "Why, we have the most beautiful cemetery in St. Louis you ever saw."

I used to hear many amusing stories told at the expense of my native State. It was said that the brigade of General Sterling Price, of the Confederate army, when disbanded, came almost in a body to Idaho and Montana. Of course, they continued to vote the Democratic ticket, and were ever loyal to the memory of the "lost cause." There were Missourians and Missourians, and some of them were pretty tough citizens, and Pike County became somewhat notorious.

One evening four men were seated at a table in a restaurant. One of them said:

"Well, boys, here are four of us at this table, and I'll bet we are each one from a different State. It does beat all how in this new country we come from all over the Union. Now let's see. Neighbor, what's your State?"

"Illinois," was the reply.

"And yours?" pointing to the next man.

"Arkansas."

"And yours?"

"Wisconsin."

"There, what did I tell you? Just as I said, here are four men and four States."

"But," said one, "my friend, now you have found out what States we come from, but you have not told us your own State."

"That's none of your darned business."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it. You started the racket. Are you ashamed of your State?"

Quick as a flash the man ripped out his six-shooter, and said:

"Well, if you must know, I'm a Missourian. Now, darn you, don't laugh."

When I first went out to Idaho there were few church buildings in the mining-camps. Indeed, unless there was a prospect of the camp proving more or less permanent, it was not wise to erect a church to be deserted in a year or two when the mine should be worked out. On the occasion of the bishop's annual visitation, as a consequence, services were usually held in a hall, often known as the "dance-hall," and used for political meetings, lectures, theatricals or whatever object served to call the people together. This dance-hall was literally the only place available for public gatherings.

At a certain mining-camp I had appointed an evening for service well in advance of my coming, so that the people, many of whom had to come from a distance, might be duly apprised of the visitation. Nearly every summer there was a theatrical troupe, known as "The Billy and Eva McKinley Show," that made the rounds of the mining-camps. They varied their programme each year, and were always very popular, succeeding in attracting the whole community to their performance. When Billy and Eva reached this particular camp they

found that I had already engaged the hall for the evening. They had an appointment at another camp for the next night, and I was due at still another. Hence it was not at all convenient for either of us to give way. It was a blow to Billy that I had pre-empted the evening and the hall; but he was fertile in resources, and promptly came to see me.

"Well, Bishop," he said, "I have come to see you. This is the first time I ever run up against a bishop, and I find you've got the cinch on me. This is one of my very best towns, and I can't afford to miss it, and I reckon you're in the same box. Now, can't we make some kind of a deal?"

I replied that it would give me pleasure to accommodate him in any way in my power.

"Well, now," he said, "what time does your show begin?"

"At eight o'clock," I answered.

"And how long does your show last?"

"I shall see to it," I assured him, "that it does not last more than an hour. You shall have the hall by nine o'clock. In fact, it will be easy to send around word that my service will begin at seven-thirty, so that I can be through by eight-thirty, and I shall see that this is done. Moreover, I'll tell the people when they assemble that your entertainment will follow immediately after the service."

"Bishop, will you do that?"

"Certainly I will. I wish the people all to have

the pleasure of attending your performance. I know you present a clean and entirely praiseworthy play, and my friends here have so few opportunities of this kind that I am in hearty sympathy with you. Indeed, I shall be there myself."

"Well, if that ain't treating us stage-people white, my name ain't Billy McKinley. You bet, I'll fetch all my troupe to your show, and we'll be mighty proud to be there, too."

At the hour of divine service the dance-hall was packed, the theatrical troupe had the front seats, and everybody was happy. In a surprisingly short time after the service the play was put on, and proved a delightful little comedy, with a touching finale, the moral effect of which could not have been otherwise than up-lifting. In meeting the various members of the theatrical party afterwards, I found several of them communicants of the church.

There were not many colored people in that new country, but I felt a particular interest in the scattered few I found there, because the fourteen years of my work as a clergyman in Missouri had been passed in the midst of a large population of the negro race. Indeed, one of the most touching incidents connected with leaving my old home for Wyoming and Idaho was associated with an old colored man who had been a faithful servant in my family for many years.

Uncle Billy was the janitor of my boys' school, and was anxious to show me some special mark of

his esteem before I left. One Sunday morning he came to see me, and said:

"Professor, our colored biship is gwine to preach in our church to-night. He has came clar from Washington City, and the bredderin would be mighty proud if you would come over and set wid him on the pull-pit."

"Thank you, Uncle Billy," I replied. "But unfortunately I have an evening service of my own in St. James's at the same hour. Otherwise I should be glad to come."

"Oh, I knowed dat, Professor; but you see de colored folks don't have dere meetin' till about half-past eight, case many of our wimmen folks is workin' out and can't git dar no sooner. You'll be all froo your meetin' 'fore ours takes up."

"Is that so?" I answered. "Then, Uncle Billy, you may depend on me. I shall be glad to come over and hear and meet your bishop."

As soon as my evening service was finished I went to the African Methodist Church. As I drew near I saw a large number of the colored brethren standing at the door unable to get in. Uncle Billy was watching for me, and, as I approached, took my arm, and led me through the crowded doorway into the building. The aisles were filled with people standing. It was a great occasion to have a colored bishop come from Washington, and all wished to hear him. It was yet a quarter of an hour before the appointed time for service. With difficulty we

made our way up the middle aisle. When near the platform I noticed that the bishop was kneeling at the conventional sofa, his back to the congregation, engaged in silent prayer. I paused, and said:

"Uncle Billy, we will wait here until the bishop is through. Let us not disturb his devotions."

"Never mind, Professor. De bishop kin pray any time; but he don't git a chance to meet de professor ebery day."

With that remark he fairly dragged me to the edge of the platform. He then said, in a voice quite audible throughout the church:

"Bishop!"

At first the bishop appeared to pay no attention to the interruption. But Uncle Billy again called to him in a loud voice. The bishop looked over his shoulder at us, still kneeling.

"Please come dis way jest a minute," said Uncle Billy.

With a graciousness altogether admirable the venerable divine approached us.

"Bishop, dis am de professor," said the old man.

We greeted each other, and I was invited to take a seat by his side on the sofa. I ventured to apologize to the bishop for Uncle Billy, telling him that I could not control the situation.

The bishop replied:

"Oh, it doesn't matter. You see I am staying at Brother Jones's house, and he means no harm."

The service proceeded, and I was asked to read a

lesson and offer a prayer. After the scholarly and excellent sermon the collection was taken up. Then came a rousing hymn sung as only our colored brethren, when spiritually aroused, can sing. The bishop rose and said:

"Let us kneel while Brother Jones leads us in prayer."

This was Uncle Billy's supreme opportunity. Probably in recognition that he was entertaining the distinguished preacher, and ministering to his physical wants, it had been arranged that my old servant should take this particular part. Uncle Billy knelt on one knee so that he could keep time with his toe and hands. He prayed with great fervor and unction. He thanked the good Lord that he had sent the bishop to "deliver dat powerful sarmint." He prayed that it might go straight to the hearts of all "de sinners and bring 'em to de Saviour." He reminded the Lord that "de professor come ober from de college to be wid us at our meetin'." He said:

"You know, Lord, de professor is tryin' to bring up dem young men in Dy fear and admonishun. We pray Dee to help de professor in his great work of Christian eddication. May de young men under his keer grow up as pillars in de temple of de Lord. Yes, good Lord, be wid him as he goes out to dat fur Western land to preach de Gospel to ebery creecher. Be wid him in all his ways, in his gwine'-in and comin'-out. Finally, O Lord, we pray Dee

to send down on de professor Dy sanctum sanctorum."

A hearty amen from the people showed how they appreciated my old friend's effort.

Early the next morning when Uncle Billy came into my room to make the fire, I felt an irrepressible desire to ascertain just what he meant by his "sanctum sanctorum." I said:

"Uncle Billy, I wish to thank you for inviting me over to hear your bishop. He is an able and eloquent preacher, and I was glad to meet him. And then I was greatly touched by your kind thought in remembering me and my boys. I appreciate your interest in my anxious work, and need the prayers of all good men. But," I added, as tactfully as possible, "Uncle Billy, are you aware that in closing your prayer you made use of a very unusual and striking theological expression? Do you remember that you asked the good Lord to send down on me his 'sanctum sanctorum'?"

"Oh yes, professor. Dat I do remembers it. The fac' is I had dat all fixed up fur you beforehand."

"Well, now, Uncle Billy, may I ask just what you mean by the 'sanctum sanctorum'?"

"Well, now, professor, you ax me a pretty hard question. I don't know's I kin 'zactly 'splain to you jest what I does mean by dat. But de Lord and me understands each other. He knows jest what I means. I means dat I want de good Lord

to send down on you jest de very best He's got on hand."

So interpreted I felt that the petition was all that could be desired by any one.

When I reached the Union Pacific I met a colored porter named Shadrach. He has recently passed away, after many years of faithful service to the Pullman Company. He was a great favorite with the travelling public, and as my official duties required me to be on the road very frequently, we became excellent friends. One strong bond of sympathy between us was the fact that his wife was an earnest member of my church, though Shad himself continued to be a Baptist. I felt that I owed much of the kindness he was ever wont to show me to her influence. During the latter years of her life his wife was frequently ill, and one could see that he was greatly troubled about her condition. She was afflicted with epilepsy, and was often seized with convulsions. I used to comfort the poor fellow so far as I was able. One day when I entered his car I could see from his manner that he was much distressed. As soon as his duties permitted he asked me to follow him into the smoker, where we could be alone. He broke down completely, and, sobbing, told me his wife was dead.

"Bishop, it was them operatic fits what done it. The doctor told me some time ago that if she had any more of them operatic attacks she would die."

Later, when I left to take charge of my Eastern

diocese, Shad took care of us as far as Chicago, and there bade us good-bye with much genuine feeling. It happened that after spending a few months in central Pennsylvania I again returned West for the summer, that I might set in order certain matters in my own missionary field, and visit for the last time various parishes. Shad greeted my family and myself on the train. He knew I had finally taken up my abode in the East, and was much troubled and completely mystified by my reappearance. He had once or twice, through the complaints of disgruntled passengers, been laid off, and narrowly escaped being dismissed. His conduct towards me betrayed a certain sympathetic tenderness. Not wishing to approach me on a matter so delicate, he sought out my wife, and said:

"You know, Mrs. Talbot, we all think a heap of the bishop out here in this Western country."

"I am very glad to hear it, Shad," she replied.

"Well, Mrs. Talbot, I thought the bishop had went to Pennsylvaney to be bishop."

"So he did," she answered.

Then knitting his eyebrows and looking much troubled, he came to the difficult and embarrassing question.

"Mrs. Talbot has the bishop lost his job?"

He was greatly relieved when he learned the true situation.

In a new country such as the territories of Wyoming and Idaho at that time, various nationalities

were represented. Coming fresh from Norway, Sweden, or Italy, these foreigners had but a limited knowledge of our language, and acquired it gradually from actual contact with the people. It is not strange, therefore, that the first words they learned were often slang expressions most frequently upon the lips of the uneducated classes with whom they were thrown in contact.

I remember a Swedish mother who was greatly afflicted by the sudden death from diphtheria of two beautiful children. She and her husband had been brought up very devoutly in their native country, and regarded the baptism of their children as a most sacred obligation. Their two youngest children had not been baptized, simply because their lot had been cast upon a lonely ranch far distant from any missionary station, and they had never had an opportunity of meeting a minister. Learning that I was to make a visitation at the nearest railroad station twenty miles distant from their home, they eagerly availed themselves of the chance to present their little ones for the holy rite. The entire family came in a wagon, and all were present at the service. When I learned of their recent bereavement, just before the service, I ventured to express my sympathy to the poor, heart-broken mother, and to utter such words of consolation as seemed fitting. In reply to every remark I made the poor woman, clad in deep mourning, and looking most distressed, would say: "You bet. You bet."

"And now," said I, "you have brought these dear children here to be baptized."

"You bet, you bet," she answered.

"I hope they may be spared to you, and may prove a great comfort and blessing."

"You bet, you bet," she replied.

Even the Indians, when they attempted to speak English, were very apt to bring in some slang expression which they innocently thought appropriate and fitting. On one occasion when old Black Coal, chief of the Arapahoes, came to call upon me, he said:

"Me damned glad to see Heap Sleeve man, the bishop."

But one of the most amusing illustrations of this tendency was furnished by an Italian. I had held service and preached the night before in our new church at Cambria, Wyoming, where a large number of Italians were employed in the coal-mines. Early the next morning I took the train for New Castle, a few miles down the cañon. Soon after I took my seat a young Italian entered. He had evidently been in our country but a short time, and his only associates had probably been miners, whose language was not always most chaste. He quite surprised me when he recognized me and said:

"Ah, you ze cardinal. I hear you talk last night. Damn pretty church! Damn big crowd! Damn good talk!"

I nearly always found in every chance acquaintance on stage-coach or buck-board some one who

interested me. Being compelled to ride nearly thirty miles in a stage with an "old-timer" who had been engaged in mining in Idaho for many years, I found him, after he had sobered off, a most entertaining companion. Some of his reminiscences were rich and racy. He had been the victim of many hair-breadth escapes, had been engaged in several shooting affairs, and, as I afterwards also learned from others, had killed in self-defence a number of men. His name would be familiar to the old-time Idaho people were I to mention it. I was not a little impressed, when we reached the end of our journey and bade each other farewell, to hear him say:

"Bishop, we fellows are pretty rough. We have seen some hard times out here in the mountains, and we have not had much chance to go to church. But deep down in our hearts we mean all right. Most of us have had a good mother, and we have never forgotten what she tried to teach us. I have still a little Bible I brought from home, and no money could buy it. And, Bishop, let me tell you the truth before God, I never get in that bucket to go down in the mine without just saying that little prayer she used to hear me say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' If a man will only do what is right the Lord is not going to be very hard on him when he passes in his checks."

CHAPTER XII

A MONTH IN THE WOODS

IT had long been a cherished hope that I might spend at least a month in quest of deer, elk, and bear. From the stage-coach and trails over the mountains I had occasionally caught glimpses of fine specimens of big game, and I knew of several localities where they could with a little effort be found.

The Hon. Edward Ivinson, of Laramie, one of my good laymen, and a warm personal friend, had again and again implored me to spend the month of September in the woods as his guest. At last my opportunity came, and the party was made up. My brother, the Rev. Robert Talbot, of Kansas City, was invited to join us, making in all a company of six, besides the guide, packers, and men to look after the camp. Nothing that could minister to our comfort and convenience was omitted by our generous host. He was an experienced hunter, and knew exactly what was needed on such an outing. An abundance of choice groceries, canned goods, and tobacco was laid in, and, while we were all men of temperate habits, care was taken to be prepared

for such an accident as a snake-bite or other emergency. To carry our necessary outfit to the foothills where we were to pack our horses and enter the forest, a good strong covered wagon was taken along. It was a ride of about a hundred and twenty-five miles from Laramie across the plains before we reached the mountains of Routt County, Colorado, our objective point. But as we were all well mounted on fast broncos, that meant only one night's camping on the way. The weather during the entire month was almost perfect. We started on the 30th of August so as to reach the hunting-grounds in time to avail ourselves of the provisions of the game law, which set us free September 1st. Before we set out it was distinctly understood and agreed to between us that we should not divert our attention from the big game by any little side sports, such as shooting grouse or trout-fishing. My brother rather regretted this contract, as his imagination had been set on fire by the accounts I had from time to time given him of the Rockies as the fisherman's paradise; but as it was the earnest suggestion of our host we proposed to abide by it loyally, no matter how great the temptation.

We broke camp early on the morning of August 31st, for our famous guide, Jim Miller, was to meet us late that afternoon at a place agreed upon, and conduct us to a gulch where we were to remain a week or two. We were all delighted to meet Jim; for while some of us had never seen him, his repu-

tation was so well established that we felt a certain curiosity to encounter the hero of so many successful hunts. He was much in demand by hunting-parties, and in order to secure his services one had to make a contract with him at least a year in advance. Like all experts, he came high, and could command his own price. While a very quiet and honest man, it was known that he was without fear, and in ridding the country of cattle and horse thieves he had slain a number of men. On several occasions he had fallen into the clutches of the law, and had narrowly escaped conviction at one time for murder in the first degree. But the jury had cleared him on the theory that the killing had been in self-defence. His chief glory was that he knew where the big game ranged, and especially was he familiar with the habitat of the grizzlies.

In the particular mountain where we were to spend a month, it was currently reported that there was a famous old bruin who was the terror of the forest. Now and then he would make a descent on some ranch at the foot of the mountain and play havoc in one night with a herd of cattle. He was known by the name of "Old Mose," and tradition had it that on more than one occasion a hunter armed *cap-à-pie* had met him face to face and had fled in terror at his very appearance without firing a shot. Jim greatly aroused our enthusiasm for the fray by telling us he had recently seen what were undoubtedly Old Mose's footprints, and he

"A COMPANY OF SIX, BESIDES THE GUIDE"

thought it not unlikely we should succeed in getting a shot at him.

The guide conducted us in a few hours to the secluded spot he had chosen for our camp. It would be impossible to imagine a wilder and in some respects a more beautiful situation. It was near the edge of a mountain-stream, and one could hear distinctly the music of the rushing water as it flung itself over rocks and bowlders on its way down the mountain-side. An abundance of long grass furnished excellent feed for our horses, while on every hand fallen timber supplied material for our camp-fires. We all went to work with a hearty good-will to put the camp in order. Some of us helped to pitch the tents, others to carry logs and prepare for a big fire, for already the cool, crisp air of the mountains made us realize how important a part in the good cheer a rousing blaze would play. Meanwhile, our jovial cook, a colored man, began to get in order his culinary department, and it was not long before the fragrant odors of bacon and corn-bread stimulated still more our appetites which the long ride over the mountain-trail had made keen enough. Who can describe the perfect relish of that first meal in the woods? One could not fail to enjoy such a spread as was set before us, for not only was the food excellent, but the environment was so complete.

Then we lighted our pipes around the camp-fire, and plied Jim with endless questions as to when he

thought we should meet Old Mose, and just where we should aim, and whether we should get any deer or elk on the morrow. Then came the big yarns which regaled our ears from our host down, until my tenderfoot brother from the effete East was wild with excitement. Long before our big campfire had died down, some of us began to crawl into our tents, for the order had gone forth that at break of day we must get our coffee and bacon and set out for game. We had no doubt at all from all we could hear that we should find deer and elk, but of course, our *pièce de résistance* was the bear. Jim did not disguise from us his opinion that it might be a week or more before we could capture a grizzly.

His plan of campaign was this: first of all he would kill an elk, or let our host, Mr. Ivinson, who was to accompany him, kill it. Then, having secured the quarters for meat and the head and horns for glory, they would let the carcass lie where it fell to attract the bear. In two or three days the bear would begin to realize that some meat was waiting for them, and the dead elk would be the rendezvous for the hunters. Meanwhile he reminded us that there were several inviting patches of wild cherries, of which the bear are very fond, and if we approached these warily there was a prospect of getting a shot. Finally, failing in these two methods, there was left, as a last resort, the traps. Four of these were to be set in different directions remote

from each other. Secured to the trunk of a tree about six feet from the ground, a chunk of elk meat was to be tied. At the foot of the tree the trap was to be set, and leaves and twigs so strewn over it that Mr. Bruin should never suspect its presence. Lest he might not find the fragrant morsel hanging just beyond his reach, it was arranged that pieces of elk-meat at the end of ropes tied to the horns of our saddles should be dragged circuitously through the woods, bringing up the trail in each case to the tree where the trap was set and the bait hung. Moreover, here and there on these trails a small piece of elk meat was to be dropped, so as to encourage Mr. Bruin in his nightly excursions. When some one suggested that trapping was hardly sportsman-like, Jim remarked:

"But, Mr. Ivinson, the bear are very scarce these days, and you say this is the bishop's hunt, and he must have a bear. Then let us take no chances."

Early the next morning we started out to see what we could find. My brother's cup of joy was filled to overflowing by the great good luck of being the first to bring down a magnificent buck with fine antlers, which now adorn his study. The venison thus secured was a grateful change from bacon, and our cook knew just how to prepare it. True to his prophecy, that day Jim led Mr. Ivinson into a herd of elk, and our host killed an enormous bull, whose horns measured five feet across, and whose colossal bulk furnished enough meat for both camp

and bear-traps for days to come. That night we were all very happy. Several of us had seen both deer and elk, and had had the satisfaction of at least trying to bring one down. Then our good host, who most deserved it, had laid low a great bull, and secured his head; and last, but not least, the tenderfoot parson had ceased to be a tenderfoot, and won his spurs by dropping the first buck.

While the elk meat was ripening we put in the next day hunting for big game. My brother and I surprised a large black bear in a choke-cherry patch, but he saw us first, and disappeared in the bushes. Though we could track him for some distance through the quaking-asps, we never overtook him. The exhilaration of the chase reminded us of the school-boy debate: "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in the anticipation than in the realization." But neither of us was quite ready to vote in the affirmative of that proposition.

It was the custom of the hunting-party to divide into three groups of two each. Generally our host took Jim with him, and, as a result, brought down some game almost every day, and kept the camp supplied. It must be admitted that Mr. Ivinson was the best shot among us, and therefore his success was by no means entirely due to the presence of the guide, though occasionally Jim would be assigned to some one else, and that lucky man was pretty sure to come home victorious.

Near the close of the first week one of our party,

Judge Gramm, killed a large black bear near the spot where my brother and I had seen and chased one. Probably it was the same bear.

During the next week Mr. Ivinson had the good fortune to shoot a big cinnamon bear. Meanwhile, we were killing deer and elk in abundance. But as the game began to be more scarce and hard to find, we concluded to move and pitch camp a few miles farther in the forest. There again we set and bated our traps, which had thus far caught us nothing. We had only secured two bear, and felt determined to get more. After the traps were set we agreed that all of the four should be visited before breakfast each morning. It happened that one day it fell to my lot to visit with Mr. Grow a trap set deep down in a thickly wooded cañon. It was fully two and a half miles from the camp. As we drew near we heard a thunderous roar, the unmistakable growl and muttering of a wild beast infuriated. We knew we had caught a bear, and that he was maddened by his captivity. He had been caught by a hind foot as he was jumping for the elk-meat, and the trap was chained to a movable log. This was in order to prevent him from tearing his foot off and escaping. A dead pull was thus avoided, and he could haul the log some distance until it caught on some obstruction, when by retracing his steps he could carry it in another direction. When we first caught sight of him he was quite a distance away and moving over a considerable space of

ground. My companion warned me to be cautious and not get too near. It had been agreed that I should do the shooting, and the first shot proved sufficient. He was a very large, silver-tipped grizzly, and his skin, with several others, has been one of my trophies ever since.

It is astonishing how rapidly time passes under the spell of such intoxicating sport. Before we realized it three weeks of our four had gone. We had been fairly successful, and had had a royal time. One day about noon my brother and I were seated on a bowlder in the midst of a beautiful stream eating our luncheon. We had just about finished, and were lighting our pipes, when at our feet we suddenly saw any number of fine mountain-trout. They did not seem to be afraid of us, and some of them were unusually large, measuring a foot or more. My brother, who had never caught a trout, was greatly excited.

"Oh," said he, "what a shame we made that foolish contract not to catch any fish. What would I not give to land some of these speckled beauties!"

Then it occurred to me that in an old pocket-book, which I always carried with me, I might find a hook. I hastily examined it, and lo! there were two hooks and one line, but no flies. But the banks of the stream were alive with grasshoppers, and it was not long before we had rigged up two willow poles. In less than an hour we had landed

BISHOP TALBOT

A photograph taken while on a hunting trip

two long strings of as splendid specimens of trout as were ever caught. Thus far our consciences had not greatly disturbed our peace of mind. But when we had caught so many that it seemed positively wrong to take out any more, my brother said:

"Now what shall we do with them?"

"Do with them!" I replied. "I am going to take them into camp and have a mess for supper."

"Well," said my brother, "you are the bishop of this flock, and they cannot be very severe with you for this one offence. But what will Mr. Ivinson say?"

"My opinion is," I answered, "that Mr. Ivinson is just about as tired of wild meat as the rest of us. I'll risk all the consequences."

I shall never forget the moment when we rode into camp, each of us holding up as heavy a string of trout as we could comfortably display. There was, of course, for the sake of consistency, a little protest and some surprise expressed by our host that his bishop should be the first to violate the agreement. But I soon secured my old friend's gracious absolution, and I observed that no one relished more than he the delicious fish we had for supper.

Now comes a curious and interesting revelation. When once our companions had tasted trout, and realized that we were in a fisherman's paradise, nothing could restrain them, and whereas no one was supposed to have brought any fishing-tackle,

the fact was soon made manifest that every member of the party, save the two unsophisticated parsons, had come with rod and line and full equipment for fishing! The next morning we let our guide rest, and the camp was turned into a fishing-party. Never in my life have I seen such an abundance of trout. We all concluded that we were the first fishermen that ever invaded that virgin forest and cast a line in that part of the Snake River.

My official duties made it necessary to say good-bye to my friends a few days before the camp broke up, and, accompanied by my brother, to ride back to Laramie. We again made the hundred and twenty-five miles and more in two days, for we had a pair of tough and hardy little broncos. The only incident of our homeward journey worth recording was our experience at a road-station called "Damnfino." Here we were served with a mysterious, nondescript sort of hash which was curiously suggestive of the name of the place. We were so hungry that we ate the weird concoction without asking any questions, though with a terrible suspicion which was subsequently more than justified. About half an hour after dinner an unmistakable odor almost drove us from the place. We asked a little boy, a member of the family, why they did not get rid of such unpleasant neighbors.

"Do you mean them skunks?" queried the lad. "Oh, we couldn't get along without them there. We feed 'em to the fool tenderfoot tourists what

don't know the difference 'tween a wood-pussy and a sage-chicken."

My brother rushed from the room, and cannot even yet speak of the episode without emotion.

We reached Laramie about eight o'clock on the evening of the second day. My family were in Kansas City, but two young clergymen were sleeping in our house and looking after the premises. When we tried the front door we found ourselves locked out. This was not surprising, as no one was expecting us for several days. I remembered that one of the front-door keys had been left with a neighbor, so I stepped across the street and got it. Entering the house, we went straight to the dining-room, and, turning on the electric lights, proceeded to search the pantry and cellar for something to eat and drink, for we were very hungry. We did not stop to make any change in our apparel, but sat right down just as we were to enjoy the luxury of the first meal at home after a month in the woods.

It so happened that within the last few days Laramie had been terrorized by burglars. They had entered a number of houses, and their depredations were creating wide-spread apprehension. When the two young clergymen, returning from a call, drew near the episcopal residence, and saw the lights, they went quietly to the dining-room windows and looked in. There they beheld two rough-looking men, whose appearance thoroughly con-

firmed their suspicions. Our beards of a month's growth and our hunting-clothes made us entirely unrecognizable. Immediately one of the young men hastened down to the police station while the other kept watch. In a few moments the house was surrounded by armed men. At a given signal one of the clergymen rattled the front door, believing the burglars had entered through the kitchen and would be peppered with shot as they tried to escape by that way. They were surprised to hear hilarious voices within, and, on making a second attempt to frighten the burglars, to recognize my own voice as I cried: "Who's there? Come in."

Even when the parsons saw us face to face they declared that nothing but our voices could have saved us, so completely had we been transformed in appearance by our month in the woods. The next day as we went down street to be photographed, our best friends passed us without any sign of recognition or suspicion as to our identity.

I may add in closing that we never captured Old Mose, and I suppose we ought to congratulate ourselves that Old Mose did not capture us.

CHAPTER XIII

TESSY

IT is generally admitted now that all men are religious; that there never was, and in the very nature of the case, that there never can be an irreligious human being. This, of course, is very far from asserting that all men are Christians; for there are religions good, bad, and indifferent. But that St. Augustine made a true generalization when he said, "All men are made for Thee, O Lord, and there is no rest for the soul till it finds its rest in Thee," can hardly be doubted by any unprejudiced student of human nature. The appeal which genuine Christianity makes to the human heart is so wellnigh irresistible just because it finds that heart prepared by anticipation to receive its message. Otherwise, it had long since perished from off the face of the earth. No one, I venture to say, could have spent twelve years in close contact with the various types of men presented in Wyoming and Idaho, when it was my privilege to minister to that people, without taking a hopeful view of the unlimited possibilities of the human soul. One lesson that I learned was that underneath all life of

passion there are spiritual potentialities for the meanest; that underneath all vice there is still something true; that deeper than the deepest degradation there is still a hope unspeakable and full of glory. The cow-boy or the miner has sometimes but little religion to talk about, but he usually responds nobly to an appeal to his unselfishness or generosity or courage. Let some misfortune befall a brother man, and see how quickly he will come to the rescue. Judged by many of the outward or conventional standards, I admit he falls very far short; but when you come to put him to the test of real fraternity, and measure him by the spirit of disinterested service to his fellow-man, he will often surprise you. Indeed, he is not to be blamed for his carelessness about church-going, as there is frequently no church for him to attend. Think of the spiritual destitution which prevails in the far-off mining-camp. Try to picture to yourself the life of a cow-boy on the plains thirty years ago. Realize, if you can, the abject loneliness of a sheep-herder amid the sage-brush, spending days and nights for months without converse with a human being. Under such conditions of spiritual famine one cannot be surprised to find instances here and there where, with many good traits, men are lacking in those finer qualities of moral discrimination which, after all, are the products of careful home training and education.

Tessy Holstein was such a man. If his story has

its amusing side, I beg the reader not to lose sight of the infinite pathos which brings him to our notice and fairly entitles him to some charitable consideration in view of a situation too dark to contemplate. Tessy was a miner. He had a promising claim in the mountains about twenty-five miles from a certain town in northern Idaho. He was a German by birth, but left his native land and crossed the Atlantic while yet a youth. The spirit of adventure led him into the Far West, where stories of marvellous discoveries of gold were filling the world with wonder. Again and again in his eventful life he had a fortune, as he thought, almost within his grasp, when all at once his hopes would be dashed. At the time I first heard of him he was taking out some good high-grade ore, and more than making wages.

Early one morning in December he started to town to lay in some provisions. The sun was shining brightly, and there was every promise of one of those fine, warm days which are not uncommon in the early winter of the Rocky Mountain region. But it is also characteristic of that locality that some of the worst snow-storms come at that time, and entirely without warning. The miner was afoot, and had not proceeded far on his way before he was caught in such a blizzard. It was one of those blinding storms when it is impossible to see one's way, and the thermometer drops suddenly to many degrees below zero. All through that coun-

try one hears tragic stories of men perishing within a few steps of their homes, blinded by the fury of the gale and overcome by the cold. It is the custom of the ranchman to have guide-ropes leading from his own door to his barn, his corral, his well, and all the various out-buildings, for he knows he may at any time be suddenly overtaken by a blizzard, and, in that case, his life would actually be in danger without these safeguards. Tessy was entirely familiar with the road, and had walked it time and again; but he lost his way, and wandered about helplessly, often coming back to the same place where he first left the trail. The blizzard raged with unabating fury all that day and late into the night. At last, overcome by long exposure to the cold, faint, and weakened by hunger, Tessy began to feel sleepy and to realize that his body was becoming numb and that he was freezing. He could never recall when he had fallen, for he lost consciousness suddenly in the embrace of that sleep which is destined to end in death.

The following day dawned bright and clear, as is often the case after such a storm. Tessy's friends in town knew he was expected the night before, and were anxious about his fate when he did not put in an appearance. Accordingly they lost no time in organizing a search-party, and it was not long before the unfortunate miner's body was found under a heap of snow that had drifted about it. Brushing away the white mantle that enveloped him, the

searchers were convinced that their friend was dead; but in response to their loud calls and vigorous shaking and rubbing, Tessy manifested faint signs of life. Brandy and restoratives were administered, and at last he was brought back to consciousness. They carried him to town, and placed him in the little emergency hospital provided for such cases. Upon examination it was discovered that his arms and legs were frozen; but with great difficulty and only by means of the most skilful treatment his arms were saved; his lower limbs had to be amputated close to the body. He was a very vigorous man and in perfect health, and in a few months was convalescent. Two small three-legged stools used by his strong arms and hands had to take the place of legs. With these it was astonishing how well Tessy could propel himself. With a little practice he learned to move about as rapidly as occasion demanded, but of course his occupation as a miner was at an end.

Even before he had been allowed to leave the hospital his generous and sympathetic friends, supported by the whole community, had raised a considerable sum of money, rented a small, vacant store-room, and furnished and supplied it as a candy and cigar stand, where Tessy could make a living. He at once took charge, and a little boy who needed the small wages which the place afforded was employed to run errands and help in the store. The grateful recipient of all this generosity

displayed much artistic taste in decorating the little room and making it as attractive as possible. He catered especially to the hundreds of school-children, who found Tessy's shop an ideal place for their numerous small demands. Then the men felt in honor bound to go there for their cigars and tobacco. The result was that Tessy began to do a lucrative business. He had a remarkable genius for making and keeping his money. He slept behind the counter, and prepared his meals on a little stove at the back of the store. Hence he was always on hand to serve his customers. He developed more and more agility in handling himself. His arms became so strong that he could pull himself up without apparent effort to get any object from the shelves. He was admirably adapted to the peculiar financial conditions that prevailed in the place at that time. He availed himself of the high rate of interest by loaning on good security small sums of money, and thus his accumulations rapidly increased.

Years passed. Incredible as it may seem, Tessy was quoted in Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency as worth seventy-five thousand dollars. He was highly esteemed in the town as a man of financial ability and integrity.

One day the rumor went forth that Tessy had purchased an eligible piece of ground on a commanding site, and had determined to erect a fine residence. Before many weeks the foundations

were being laid, and gradually the house on the hill took form. It proved to be one of the most imposing and attractive homes in the little town. When it was nearing completion the proud owner took council with some of the ladies of his acquaintance as to the decorations and furnishings. Handsome carpets, tasteful wall-paper, luxurious upholstery, and expensive furniture were procured. To add to all this, the house was heated throughout with steam and lighted with electricity.

By this time people began to wonder and speculate. "What does Tessy mean? Surely he is not thinking of getting married." But no other theory could account for all this lavish expenditure. At last, after much conjecture and questioning on the part of his friends, Tessy frankly admitted that he was looking for a wife. It leaked out that in his emergency he had consulted some one who advised him that the best way to get a good wife was to send for a copy of the *Heart and Hand*, a magazine published by a Chicago matrimonial bureau. He was told that many of the lonely bachelors in the Far West, where ladies are so scarce, had by this plan drawn rare prizes. In fact, it was well known that there were a number of wives in that community who had been acquired in that way, and who had proved entirely satisfactory. Accordingly, he had sent for a copy of this wonderful publication. When it came he was delighted. On its pages, in rich profusion, he could gaze upon the

faces of a great variety of fair women from whom to choose. There he saw illustrations depicting maidens and widows, blondes and brunettes, young and old. It was really embarrassing to make a selection when all seemed to him so charming and attractive. At last, however, he was especially pleased with the picture of a widow of about forty. He flattered himself that he was a judge of character, and he thought he could discern in the personal charms of this fair creature just the characteristics sure to make him forever happy.

Under each picture there was a little description which assisted his imagination to complete the ideal he might form. Then, best of all, there was the address; so, having made his selection, he lost no time in writing the object of his choice. He told her of his great loneliness, and of his longing for a congenial companion to share his future life; he said that he had been reasonably successful in business; that he possessed a comfortable home, neatly furnished and ready to receive her; that she need not take his word for his financial standing, but could consult any banker in Chicago, where she would learn that he was quoted in Bradstreet as worth seventy-five thousand dollars; that he did not owe a dollar in the world. Finally, to clinch the argument, he enclosed one of his photographs, and intimated that he would be much gratified to receive one of hers in return. In due course of mail he was made happy by the arrival of an entirely satisfactory re-

ply, and with it a photograph from which it seemed to him that the engraving in the *Heart and Hand* had not revealed one tithe of the fascination of the original. She expressed herself as delighted with his letter and his photograph, and said she was disposed to consider favorably his proposition; that she, too, was alone in the world, and without means, and that the prospect of such a home as she was confident he could give her appealed to her strongly.

Tessy sent her a generous draft to provide for her trousseau and purchase her railroad transportation to his home. He went fully into detail as to the route, and made it clear to her that on reaching the terminus of a certain railroad she was to take a boat which would bring her at about seven o'clock in the evening to her destination. He told her he would, of course, meet her on the arrival of the boat, and, to make her feel more at home, would have some of his friends among the ladies and also the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony accompany him to the landing.

Fortunately, all turned out just as Tessy had planned. The boat arrived on scheduled time. The expectant bridegroom, seated in a handsome new carriage and driving a spirited team of bays, was promptly on hand. As the horses were somewhat nervous, Tessy, protected from the chill evening air by a comfortable lap-robe, thought it best to remain in the carriage, while the clergyman and the ladies went down to the boat to welcome

the bride-elect. She was there, radiant with smiles and eager with expectation. The ladies accorded her a gracious welcome, and the rector looked after her baggage, giving directions that it should be delivered without loss of time at her new home, for the wedding was to take place immediately. The party then ascended the hill to the carriage, where Tessy greeted his future bride with gracious cordiality. He delicately apologized for not going down to the boat, telling her that his horses were restless, and asked the clergyman to assist the ladies into the carriage and get in himself.

So far, all had gone as smoothly as possible. Of course, the clergyman and the two ladies never so much as dreamed that Tessy had not acquainted the Chicago widow with the story of his physical misfortune. But, as a matter of fact, all the knowledge the unfortunate woman had gained of his appearance had been gathered from the photograph he had sent her, and it was not taken at full length. Hence, everybody was happy but Tessy himself. Every step the horses took towards home added to his feeling of awful apprehension. He realized that the time was now at hand when the whole truth must be revealed. What would happen? How would she take it? But at last he drew up in front of his brightly illuminated house. A servant was in readiness to take charge of the horses and another to assist them from the carriage to the house. Poor Tessy, with greater nimbleness

and agility than he had ever displayed before in his life, began to climb down the front wheel, and was ready to receive the bridal party. As the widow alighted, her eyes fell on Tessy. Then all the pent-up feelings of her nature found vent in one great, prolonged sulphurous explosion of wrath and indignation. The clergyman assured me that he never in all his life heard such language as poured forth from the lips of that justly furious woman. He said he actually feared that in her unbridled rage she would literally leap at Tessy and utterly annihilate him. Meanwhile, the clergyman and ladies gradually learned for the first time that the woman had been grossly deceived. They could hardly believe it, so utterly different was such conduct from their long-cherished opinion of their old friend as a man of honor. They openly rebuked him; told him they were ashamed of him, and had they known he had withheld from her the knowledge to which for every reason she was entitled, they would have taken no part in the disgraceful affair. At the same time they assured her of their sympathy. At last, through sheer exhaustion, the widow calmed down. The ladies gently expostulated with her, told her they would not desert her; that, as Tessy had so wickedly deceived her, she was under no obligation to him whatsoever; but they also added that, bad as Tessy seemed in this one instance, he was really a kind-hearted, good man, and stood high in the community. They

pledged her their support to the end, and guaranteed that Tessy would pay her way back to Chicago.

"But," said one of them, "you are very tired after your long journey. Come into the house. You will find a warm supper prepared for you, and you can rest and refresh yourself. Then we will go down with you to the hotel, and secure you comfortable quarters until you are ready to return East."

Their kindly and sympathetic councils prevailed, and she accompanied them into the house. Gradually a peace conference was brought about. Tessy was evidently ready not only to surrender fully all territory demanded, but to make good any indemnity she might ask. The charm and comfort of the pretty new house also had its effect. Who can wonder that, before the evening was over, under the healing influences of her environment and the eloquent appeals of Tessy, the feminine susceptibility of the woman's nature was prevailed upon, and the wedding followed. Congratulations poured in from every side, and though he could always bear witness that for one tumultuous hour at least the course of true love had not run smooth, Tessy was supremely happy.

CHAPTER XIV

MAKING THE WORK KNOWN

A MISSIONARY bishop is so called because he is sent out by the whole church as her representative. The church at home undertakes not only to support the bishop himself, but also to provide at least in part the means necessary to maintain a staff of missionary clergy to assist him in the work of evangelization. The conditions which prevail in a newly settled country to which a domestic missionary bishop is assigned are such that his own scattered flock, poor and unorganized, can at first contribute but little towards the maintenance of the ecclesiastical establishment. This was especially true in the case of the sparsely populated missionary district of Wyoming and Idaho twenty years ago. Indeed, it may generally be assumed that people who leave their homes, and as pioneers endure the hardships and privations incident to frontier life, are without money. The motive that induces them to make such sacrifices is that of necessity. They desire to improve their condition by taking advantage of the opportunities which present themselves in a new country. Young men

in whom there is a strong spirit of adventure, and who are without family ties, are likely to form a large contingent of the population. As years go by, homes are established, towns and villages are built, and the various communities gradually become able to support their own churches. But in the more primitive and formative period of their history, unless the mother-church at home follows her children, keeps in touch with them, and supplies them with Christian privileges, spiritual neglect must inevitably ensue.

Again, when the missionary bishop is sent out it is understood that he goes as the chief missionary of the flock. He may, indeed, be the only clergyman whom the people see from year to year. But the time comes when growth and development begin. New railroads are being built, new mines are discovered, and thousands of people are flocking in to seek homes where all is so full of life and promise. It is the church's obvious duty to be so equipped as to meet the people as they come and enlist them in Christian service. Churches, schools, and hospitals must be provided, the clergy must be supported, and there is no time to be lost. It is at such a crisis of material growth and activity that the missionary bishop feels the need of help from the church at home. Unless opportunities are seized at once they will be lost perhaps forever. It devolves upon him to make the situation known, and to induce those who have means to help him.

THE LARAMIE CATHEDRAL

Occasions when he may bring his work and its needs before the church are frequently given him. The columns of the church papers are gladly placed at his disposal. Missionary conferences held every year in different parts of the country always welcome the presence of the missionary bishop or his representative fresh from the field. Once in every three years the general convention, calling together hundreds of delegates from all parts of the church, meets to consider as its chief concern the progress of the Gospel throughout the world. Then, when any pressing need seems to make it imperative, the bishop sends a personal appeal to individuals and churches for relief. Thus, in my own experience, the cathedral at Laramie, where the Wyoming University is located, the Shoshone Indian School, St. Margaret's school for girls, Boisé, Idaho, and between thirty and forty churches were made possible. Of course, it is most important that the people in the missionary field should develop the spirit of self-help, and that no outside assistance should be given until a liberal and self-sacrificing devotion is evinced. Otherwise, there is danger of pauperizing the recipients and paralyzing the spiritual energy of the people. But I always found that if my own people out of their poverty gave generously, there was a corresponding readiness on the part of churchmen in the older and more wealthy communities to show practical sympathy.

It was my good fortune to make in the prosecution

of my work a number of friends on whom I could depend regularly for various sums ranging from one hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a year. Among these were such noble laymen as Messrs. Harold and John Nicholas Brown, of Providence; Messrs. Lemuel Coffin and H. H. Houston, of Philadelphia, and others. Then of faithful women there were not a few who gave year by year most generously. The loyal confidence thus expressed enabled me to build up a constituency of supporters on whom I could always rely. There are still living those—men and women—who held up my hands with loving loyalty all through these anxious years, and if I were permitted to mention their names they would be recognized as large-hearted and consecrated givers, to whom such service for the Master always seems a sacred privilege which they exercise with wise discrimination and the utmost conscientiousness. Then within the limits of my missionary district was a constantly growing number of my own people, who gave of their money and their time. I was especially fortunate in having in various parts of the diocese young women who had been well trained for Christian service in St. Margaret's, our school for girls in Boisé, Idaho. For this great blessing I was largely indebted to Miss Frances M. Buchan, the principal, who launched the institution from its very beginning into an atmosphere of missionary zeal, and inspired the girls with a strong desire to carry the church and its

refining influences into their respective communities.

During the greater part of my episcopate in Wyoming and Idaho I owed much to the munificence of an English churchman who lived in London. I met him by chance in Boisé, where he was visiting a friend. I have rarely known a more godly man. To him religion was the great concern of life, and the church, which embodied in his mind the religion of the Master, received the unstinted homage of his heart. While a very successful business man, it was evident that his chief motive for making money was to have the joy of bestowing it where it could be of the greatest service to his fellow-man. It was not necessary for me to ask him for money. He was constantly writing me to ascertain my plans and to inform me that at such a time in the near future he would be glad to send me a draft for some specified amount provided I had an object which I deemed important to accomplish. He was greatly interested in the building of the cathedral at Laramie, and from time to time made large contributions towards its completion. During the latter part of his life I was his guest for several days at his quiet home in London. In several instances when I was confronted with anxious financial problems and needed assistance in carrying out certain important plans, his check would unexpectedly come quite unsolicited, bringing me almost the exact amount I required. If this

had occurred only once I should have thought but little of it, but, happening again and again, I could not but regard it as a direct answer to my prayers.

On two occasions during my Western episcopate I went to England to attend great missionary gatherings. In 1894 there was at St. James's Hall, London, a meeting in the interest of foreign evangelization which brought together not only a large representation of the bishops in England, but many from the colonies and distant sees wherever the Anglican communion had planted itself. At the opening meeting Archbishop Benson, who then occupied the throne of Canterbury, presided. His kindness to me I shall never forget. Of course, I realized that it was inspired by a strong desire on the part of his grace to do honor to a bishop, however unknown, who came from America. While he was in residence at the palace at Addington Park he invited me to visit him. When I reached his home, Mrs. Benson received me, as the Archbishop was riding horseback, a diversion in which he was wont to indulge morning and evening whenever his busy life permitted. Of Mrs. Benson, Mr. Gladstone is said to have remarked that she was the cleverest woman in England. She certainly possessed a rare grace of manner which immediately set one at ease. In making me at home she tactfully directed the conversation to subjects connected with Wyoming and Idaho, with which she naturally assumed some familiarity on my part. I

was impressed by the range and comprehensiveness of her leading questions. Matters in which women generally take little or no interest appealed to her. By the time we had talked for an hour or two, while afternoon tea was being served, I felt that Mrs. Benson could pass as good an examination on the agricultural, mineral, stock-growing, political and social features of the new West as I could myself, including the experiment of woman's suffrage. So fully was I convinced of this that, after the Archbishop joined us and began in his kindly way to seek information about my part of the world, I told him that if after I had gone he should discover that he had forgotten any point of interest I was sure Mrs. Benson could fully enlighten him.

After dinner that evening, an hour or two was spent in conversation in the library, and then prayers were said in the chapel. About ten o'clock the ladies withdrew, leaving me alone with the Archbishop. I knew he was a busy man, with many cares of church and state weighing upon him, and a large official correspondence demanding his attention; besides which, I was aware that he was then engaged in writing his great work upon the life of St. Cyprian. Hence, feeling a delicacy about detaining him longer from his duties, I arose and extended my hand to bid him good-night. He begged me to sit longer, but when I insisted on withdrawing, suggested that I join his two chaplains in their office where they were just finishing

his correspondence. He added that the young men would have much to ask me about America, and that he would call for me later. I found these university graduates very agreeable, and the time passed pleasantly. When I thought the hour had arrived when his grace should be calling for me I glanced at my watch, and was somewhat startled to find it about midnight.

"Oh," said one of the chaplains, "please continue. His grace will knock at our door at two o'clock."

"Two!" I exclaimed. "Does he expect me to sit here until two o'clock?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "He never retires until that hour."

Promptly at two the Archbishop appeared, candle in hand, and conducted me to my room. As we walked through the long corridor of the palace I ventured to express some surprise at the late hour. He then told me that he always retired at 2 A.M. and arose at seven, and took a ride before breakfast. As we entered my quiet bedroom he remarked:

"It may interest you to know that you will occupy to-night the bed on which the great Thomas Arnold slept at Rugby, and on which he passed away."

The next morning his grace pointed out to me with evident interest the tree under which our beloved Presiding Bishop Williams of Connecticut, stretched himself, and delighted them all with his

charming American stories. I shall always cherish the memory of that visit with peculiar pleasure. It was a privilege to know this truly great and lovable prelate in the privacy of his own home. He took the liveliest interest in our American institutions, and entertained a genuine admiration for our people. He was a favorite of Mr. Gladstone, who, when prime-minister, had nominated him to his high office, and it will be remembered that his lamented death occurred when he was visiting the great statesman at Hawarden Castle.

A few years later, when on my way to the Lambeth conference, I called with three other bishops on Mr. Gladstone himself, driving out from Chester. He had been ill, and when we presented our cards at the door the servant said he feared Mr. Gladstone could not see us, as he had been denying himself to all callers of late. But when he discovered, as he afterwards told us, that we were American bishops, he came down without delay. We asked one of our number, the Lord Bishop of Niagara, as a British subject, to present us. When Mr. Gladstone heard the title, Bishop of Wyoming, he manifested quite an interest.

"I am glad you call it Wy*o*ming," he said. "I like to hear the full vocal sound. We had a poet about forty years ago, Mr. Thomas Campbell, who wrote 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' To scan the metre one had to accent the antepenult and say W*y*oming. I never liked that."

Then the Grand Old Man launched forth and asked me many questions. At that time his hearing was seriously impaired, and I have always thought that the mere accident of sitting near him and answering his questions distinctly explained the fact that he honored my diocese and myself with so much of his time and interest. Or perhaps this may have been due to the resemblance which he fancied he saw, and which seemed to hold his attention and startle him, between myself and a "very dear university friend, young Selwyn," the great missionary bishop. He was particularly curious about the question of woman's suffrage as adopted in Wyoming and Idaho, and also evinced a surprising familiarity with our leading industries. Our visit was not a protracted one, but nothing could have exceeded the graciousness and cordiality of Mr. Gladstone towards us. My good and genial brother, Dr. Kinsolving, the Bishop of Texas, facetiously remarked as we were leaving the castle:

"Well, Wyoming, if the Grand Old Man had only known what a desert you have to preside over, and could once see your sage-brush and bowlders and jack-rabbits and coyotes, he would not have wasted so much time in asking about your country. Why, he didn't have a word to say about the great State of Texas, a mighty empire in itself."

It was during this same sojourn in England while we were attending the Lambeth conference that all the bishops were invited by her Majesty, Queen

Victoria, to meet her at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time Dr. Temple, who extended the invitation on behalf of the Queen, reminded us that as her Majesty was rather feeble and could not comfortably stand so long, she would receive us from her carriage, and while she would be glad to shake hands with all of us, he thought she had better be spared so great an effort, as there were about two hundred bishops. He therefore suggested that only the archbishops and metropolitans and higher dignitaries of the various national churches be formally presented. At the appointed hour, as the bishops were grouped under a large tree in the garden of Windsor Castle, the royal carriage containing the Queen and some members of her family approached. The bishops gathered around so that we could hear and see distinctly. After the presentation of a few of the older dignitaries the Queen noticed two African bishops, and asked that they should be presented. Of course, our colored brethren were greatly honored, and I remember that the Bishop of Kentucky, Dr. Dudley, himself a Southerner, remarked to those of us standing near him:

"Brethren, this is the first time in my life that I was ever tempted to regret that I am not a negro."

On our way out to Windsor Castle that afternoon it was my privilege to occupy the same compartment with His Grace the Archbishop, Dr. Temple. In the familiar intercourse existing be-

tween the several bishops after many days of the conference, Dr. Temple was led to dwell upon some incidents of his early life. He told us that his father had died, leaving his mother in reduced circumstances, and largely dependent on her son's help. He was very anxious to enter the university, and by dint of the most rigid economy it was at last made possible. But when once admitted, he was so poor that he could not buy the fuel required to heat his room nor the oil for his study-lamp. He was therefore compelled to do his studying under the hall-light furnished by the university, and to keep warm by wrapping himself in a blanket. He said that at one time when he could hardly see how it was possible for him to remain longer in the university he had received a draft from a London bank for fifty pounds, sent him by some unknown friend. He had never been enabled to discover to whom he had been indebted in that dark hour, but had often felt he would be so happy if only he could show his gratitude to his mysterious benefactor. His story impressed me at the time as revealing a new side of the life of a man who had reached the highest dignity in the gift of the nation. While similar experiences of early struggles with poverty are not unfamiliar to us in the lives of celebrated Americans, we are hardly prepared to hear of them in England, especially in the case of an archbishop.

Other distinguished ecclesiastics in England were good enough to evince an interest in my missionary

field and to extend to me much gracious hospitality. Among these I am indebted for particular and repeated courtesies and unfailing welcome to His Grace the Archbishop of York, and Mrs. Maclagan, to the Lord Bishops of London, Lichfield, Norwich, Winchester, and Lincoln, and to the Very Rev. Dean Gregory of St. Paul's, and Canon Farrar of Westminster.

Among the prominent laymen who welcomed me as an American bishop to their beautiful country-seats, and were thoroughly identified with the missionary cause, are to be mentioned the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Ashcombe, Sir John Kennaway, and Sir Robert White-Thompson, all noble types of English gentlemen, loyal sons of church and state.

The rectors of a number of the large London churches begged me to tell their people the story of my Western work, and insisted on giving me the offerings for my cathedral. The fact that I had in Wyoming and Idaho so many Englishmen who had written their friends about my visit made this request a natural one. In one London church, where I was asked by the vicar to describe some of my missionary experiences, I told incidents calculated to provoke a smile, and the congregation did not hesitate to give visible expression to their feelings. After the service the vicar said:

"I cannot tell you, my lord, how greatly we all enjoyed your address. It was most picturesque and thrilling; but some parts of it actually made

my people laugh, don't you know. The fact is, I could hardly keep from smiling myself. I hope you will excuse my people."

He seemed much relieved when I told him that I expected them to smile, and should have been disappointed if they had not done so.

When as the guest of the Lord Bishop of Norwich I was stopping at the palace, I was invited to spend the night with Canon Hinds-Howell, a venerable and greatly beloved clergyman, whose parish was about seven miles in the country. He was nearly ninety years of age, but was wonderfully alert, and still in the full possession of his remarkable intellectual gifts. In his prime he had been an active participator in many of the stirring scenes of English church life and politics. The morning after we arrived he took me to visit his parochial school, where the little children of the parish were taught. There were two rooms separated by folding-doors. On the occasion of my visit these were thrown together, and the children had gathered flowers and evergreens and decorated them quite attractively. In addressing the school I asked them a number of questions about the Bible and the catechism, and found them well instructed in both. They had been greatly interested in my coming, as they had never seen a bishop, and the idea of seeing one from America, and especially from the Rocky Mountains, appealed greatly to their imaginations. I said:

"Now, children, I have come to you from the Rocky Mountains. I am the Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho. That is my diocese. Can any one of you tell me what a diocese is?"

Several of them held up their hands, eagerly begging to answer my question. One little, fair-haired boy on the front seat was particularly anxious to tell me. I therefore said to him:

"Very well, my little man. Tell me now what a diocese is."

Quick as a flash he stood up and said:

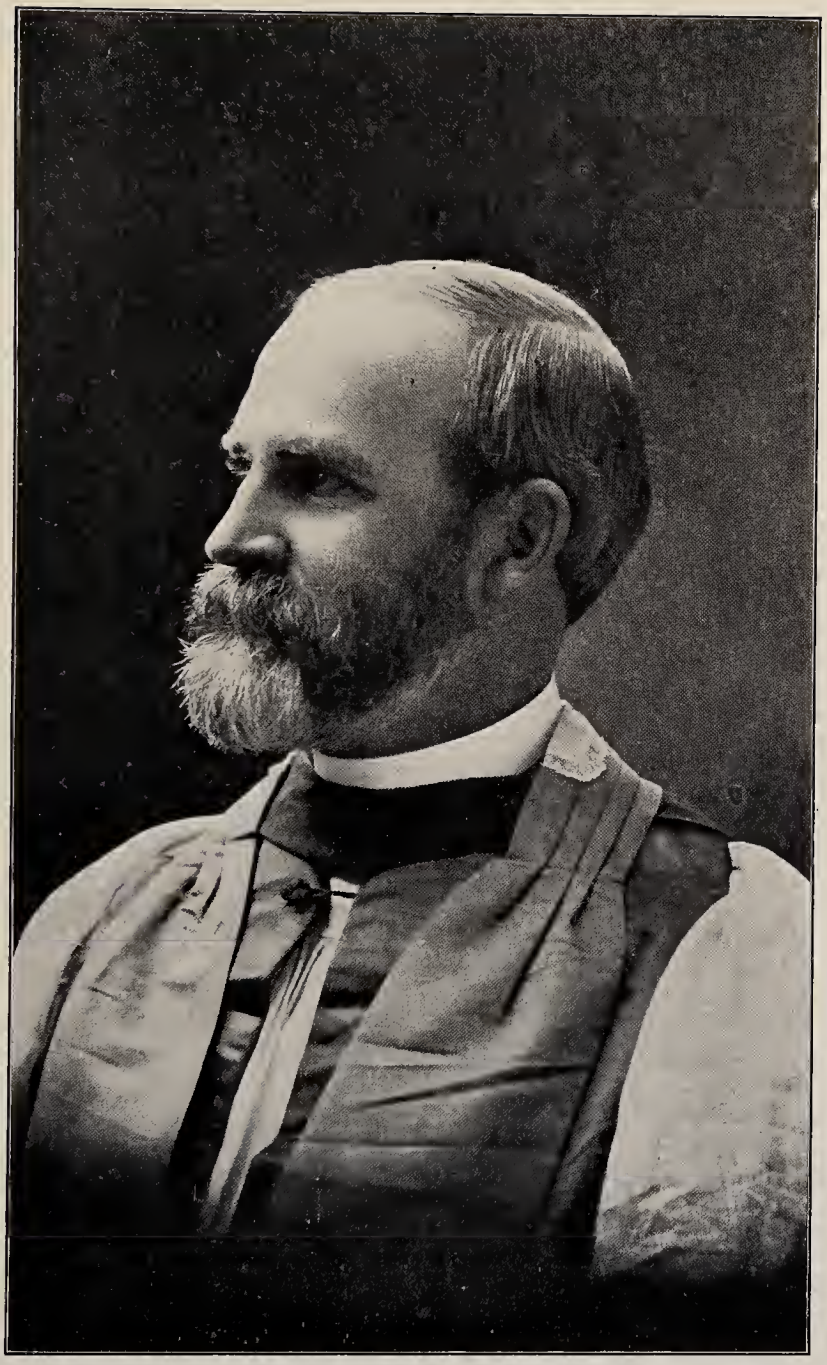
"A diocese, my lord, is a district of land with the bishop on top and the clergy underneath."

There was a peal of laughter from the visitors and children, and the vicar himself was delighted, saying that he did not believe even an American boy could do better than that.

Of course, there were times when it was quite impossible to leave the mission field, however urgent the demand for money, and on those occasions it was convenient to ask some brother bishop who could get away just then to represent one's work and speak of one's special needs. It was my good fortune to have as my next-door neighbor Bishop Leonard of Salt Lake, who often helped me in this way, and between whom and myself there existed a life-long friendship.

Bishop Leonard and I were born in the same little town, Fayette, Missouri, were baptized as children together, started to school the same day,

and sat on the same bench. We subsequently attended the same fitting-school, and prepared for college together. While I had set my heart on going to Yale, when the time came I could not separate from my friend, and followed him to Dartmouth, which college had been the Alma Mater of his distinguished father. Rooming together at Dartmouth, and graduating there in the class of 1870, we both entered the General Theological Seminary the following September. After a three years' course in theology we were graduated together, and ordained at the same time as deacons in the Little Church Around the Corner, New York. We then returned to Missouri, our native State, and served as clergymen in neighboring towns. We were ordained to the priesthood together in the church, St. Mary's, Fayette, where we had been baptized and confirmed. At the time of my marriage he performed the ceremony, and I officiated at his wedding, and we baptized each other's children. Finally, to complete this remarkable series of parallelism, we were elected missionary bishops within a year of each other, he being sent to Utah and Nevada, and I to Wyoming and Idaho. At my consecration, which came first, he was one of my presenting presbyters, and at his, I preached the sermon. There may be other instances where two lives have run on thus side by side for so many years, but I have never known so remarkable an illustration, and I cannot tell the story of my Western



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work without mentioning one with whom I was so intimately connected, and who, in so many ways, was identified with me in the work itself. His lamented death, which occurred recently, deprived the church militant of one of her noblest and most devoted bishops.

Thus, through the great kindness and co-operation of friends in the missionary field and throughout the country, I could find on my election to the diocese of Central Pennsylvania in 1897, abundant cause for gratitude and some results of my eleven years of labor in the West. Inadequate as these results seem, they could never have been accomplished if my efforts had not been seconded by as noble a band of faithful clergy as ever cheered a bishop's heart. Above all, and more than all else, I had the assurance of a confidence and affection on the part of the people, which, however undeserved, will always be cherished as yielding my greatest reward.

The territory once constituting the missionary district of Wyoming and Idaho has, since my departure, been renamed and readjusted, and assigned to four wise and efficient bishops, who are to-day, in their several districts, moulding morally and spiritually the lives of those new communities. These leaders of God's militant hosts are laying foundations for the future civilization of a large section of our common country, which must in time play an important part in its destiny. They need and

should receive for the sake of the highest interest of the nation as well as of the Church the generous support and confidence of broad-minded and patriotic men and women in the stronger centres of the East.

CHAPTER XV

MORMONISM AND THE MORMONS

IF a bishop of the ordinary type is tempted to be at all elated by the pride of episcopal office, a prompt and ready cure is supplied when he finds himself among his Mormon brethren. For every town in the land of the Latter-Day Saints has at least one bishop, and the larger centres, such as Salt Lake and Ogden, abound in them. Nor are these dignitaries bishops in name only. They wield a power most autocratic and far reaching. Let a Christian bishop, for instance, attempt to make a visitation of a Mormon town or village. Through the kind offices of some Gentile friend or perhaps a disgruntled apostate Mormon, the use of a hall or a vacant store has been secured in which to hold a service. The appointment has been duly announced, and the day arrives. Circulars have been distributed, and the local papers have drawn attention to the proposed visit of the bishop. But when the hour comes for the service to begin he finds the hall empty. A little reflection will remind him that there are bishops and bishops, and in that section of the country the bishop who presides over

the spiritual affairs of that "stake" has quietly sent word around to the faithful to stay at home that night. Hence, vacant chairs, with scarcely a semblance of a congregation, are almost sure to greet him. Such was my experience again and again, and yet when I met the people themselves in their places of business or in their homes they were never lacking in courtesy and consideration. Indeed, the organization and discipline of the Mormon hierarchy are noteworthy, and go far to explain its almost unlimited control over the people. Of its government some one has said that nothing has been more perfect since the time of the Cæsars. The Roman emperor could reach and control with his power at once the proud senator and the humblest picket at the gate of the provincial outpost. But the Mormon president sits on the throne of infallibility not only to pass upon questions of faith and morals when speaking *ex-cathedra*, but his word is final both as to how and when a man should say his prayers, and as to whether he shall own hogs or trade with Gentiles. Assisting the president rather as assessors to a primate or a chancellor in a diocese, are the two "first councillors." These form the "first presidency." Next are the "quorum of the twelve"; then the "seventies"; then the bishops with two "councillors" each; next the elders and deacons. From the two latter are chosen the "ward teachers" — inquisitors, in fact. The town is divided into "wards." Nine Salt Lake square

blocks used to be a "ward." These each have a bishop, acting as a sort of business manager, whose house is probably the best in the "ward." He and his two councillors reach the elders and the teachers. These two latter degrees are grouped in quorums of twelve each, and one is chosen to be a member of a higher quorum, and so throughout. The teachers go in pairs. Mormonism understands the power of going two by two. They never send one on a religious mission. If one can do it well alone two can do it better. If one lonely heart grows sick, two are mutually helpful and reassuring. One-horse teams run away more easily than two-horse teams. Hence, two teachers take a block or go between cross streets together. They ask such questions as these: "Do you say your family prayers?" "Do you uphold the priesthood?" "Do you pay your tithing?" "Have you sent in your quarterly fast money for the poor?" These inquisitors report in "secret council" to the priesthood meeting every month. The delinquents and malcontents are promptly dealt with. Every male among them is made a deacon at about fifteen. He is baptized and confirmed at eight. When he reaches the age of eighteen he is advanced to the priesthood. This office, however, does not involve many home duties of a priestly character. The chief significance of the priestly degree for a young man is that from that hour he is liable to receive a letter from the presidency notifying him that he is ap-

pointed to a two years' mission abroad. To this rule there are few, if any, exceptions.

Think what it means to send every year throughout our own country and the various countries of Europe these young missionaries, numbering sometimes over two thousand. Where do they go? Often the young man goes to the native land of his father. Sometimes he arranges to attend a medical or dental or law college by day and preach on the streets at night. On Saturdays he delivers tracts and drums up his crowd for the "branch meeting." His outfit consists of a Prince Albert coat, a white necktie, a Mormon's compendium of "Ready-References of Scripture Texts," and a great deal of courage and self-assurance tempered with enough of religious zeal to arrest the attention of the most careless.

Again, he goes absolutely at his own cost. The church must not be taxed for his services one penny. Perhaps the "ward" gives him a benefit dance, a sort of farewell, the night before he leaves. The proceeds often take him to his destination. Himself or his father must provide the rest. Often he sells his stock, horses or cattle, and sometimes his home, and makes these sacrifices cheerfully. It is a part of his training and of the essence of his religion that he should regard it a great honor to take a part in redeeming "lost Israel." There is an element of heroism and self-sacrifice in it which appeals to his young heart and sets on fire his whole

nature. If perchance he should ever fall short in money, then the church stands ready to advance it to him, or, if married, to his family, and collects it from him when he returns or as soon thereafter as possible.

But suppose the man thus appointed to go on a two years' mission should refuse? Ah, but he will not refuse. Why? Long before the mechanic learned the boycott, Brigham Young, a wise man if not a good man, a sort of Mormon Standard Oil magnate and model financier, had all such contingencies carefully safe-guarded.

The Mormon religion is a social religion. Nowhere are social inequalities less distinctly recognized. The Amateur Dramatic Club is under the imprimatur of the bishop. So is the choir and the weekly Dancing Club. So is the Woman's Relief and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. Let a man dare hesitate to obey the high command to leave his home and become an exile for two years, at his own cost, and every one of these strong organizations will refuse him membership and recognition. The women will taboo him in their homes. He will be "visited" by the "teachers." The bishop will be sure to hold him up in scorn and contempt in his next Sunday's sermon, and he will probably be reproved by the presidency, if not suspended. Indeed, life would become intolerable as a result of such a refusal.

Besides, why should he refuse? Two years

abroad is not so bad after all. One sees the world, and the welcome of a conquering hero awaits his return. It is hard to endure the life of an exile for two long years, it is true. At home he had the *entrée* of the best families among the Saints. He could frequently gaze upon the glorious Temple of Zion, the pride of his heart and the glory of his fathers. His religion was the all-prevailing and dominant one. All this is changed now, and he is called upon to endure persecution and loneliness, possibly to face death. But here his faith comes to his rescue, and all misgivings flee away. Deep down in his heart is the firm conviction that the whole world is apostate, and that to his young life has been given the unspeakable privilege of making known to perishing men the one and only true salvation. The young Jesuit who prostrates himself before the high altar and offers himself a living oblation to his God has a higher conception of God and a far more spiritual conception of life. I doubt if he has any more intense belief that he is the chosen vessel to proclaim a peculiar message of pardon and peace or a sincerer willingness to make any personal sacrifice than the young Mormon as he sets out on his missionary campaign. Both are trained by men who are known to have made similar sacrifices for like cause within recent years. Both are taught a definite faith, whether right or wrong. Both believe firmly that every sacrifice here gains merit for the soul in heaven. Their

heaven is widely different as is their creed. Yet both are led from twelve years of age to look forward to a definite sacrifice and a definite reward of a thousandfold, each after his own conception.

And what do these young people teach, who year by year are flooding the whole civilized world with their missionaries? They preach a very enticing and fascinating gospel. It is a mistake to imagine that they do not profess to be Christians. The Mormon missionary does make this claim, and the Christian Bible goes hand-in-hand with the Book of Mormon. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, is one of their prophets. If they repudiated the Christian Gospel they would be shorn of half their power. They allege that the revelations vouchsafed to Joseph Smith, their founder, are but a modern application of the teaching of Jesus; that the Book of Mormon is but a continuation of the story of the Gospel. In other words, Mormonism is but a corrupted form of Christianity.

The missionaries find their converts in the crowded slums of London and other large cities of Europe. They go to Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, and all the large centres of population in England, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Nor do the country villages always escape. Wherever the conditions of life are hard and narrow and discontent is brewing they are likely to find a welcome. It is a great advantage to them, to begin with, that they come from America, the land of the

free, where the oppressed of all nations are made welcome. Then they tell of a land flowing with milk and honey, where a rich harvest rewards honest toil. To each convert they offer a farm without money and without price. Of course, he will be expected in due time to pay for this land a nominal price per acre, but meanwhile a home will be built and a good living secured. Even his passage across the Atlantic and the entire cost of transportation from New York to the far distant valley of the Salt Lake are advanced to the convert, with the understanding that when he is able he will repay. Thus it is that converts are made by the thousands, and it cannot be denied that, generally speaking, the material conditions of life in store for those who lend a willing ear to these seductive promises are greatly improved. I am far from saying that false inducements are held out. Still less that disappointment and failure await the Mormon immigrant. On the contrary, the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose. Vast areas of desert land have been transformed into fertile farms, yielding incredible harvests of grain and fruit. The most prejudiced enemy of the Mormon Church must admit that the thrift, industry, and unremitting labor of the people are beyond all praise.

Much has been said of Brigham Young, who was the maker though not the founder of Mormonism. There are many still living who knew him well, and

BRIGHAM YOUNG

his character and personality are easily ascertained. He was a New-Englander, and was thirty years of age when he became identified with the Mormons. He was by trade a painter, and did not have the advantages of a liberal education, but was possessed of remarkable natural shrewdness, and was a born leader of men. Large, masterful, somewhat unscrupulous, fertile in resources, he left the impress of his genius and organizing power upon the Mormons indelibly. Indeed, in many respects, as his work unmistakably shows, he was a unique man. As a far-seeing executive, giving attention to every detail which tended to add efficiency to his somewhat complicated machinery, he has had few equals. Innumerable are the stories illustrating his native wit and versatility. It is said that one day a Welshman with one leg had been converted on the promise that Brigham could cause a new leg to grow. He reached Salt Lake, and forthwith presented himself at the "Zion House Office," and was confronted by the great man.

"And so you want a new leg, do you?" said Brigham. "Well, I can give it you, but remember that all the attributes you have in this life will be resurrected at the last day. Now, you have already had two legs, and if I create for you a third, then in eternity you will be like a monstrosity, and will have three legs. Besides, you are already old, and cannot live much longer. Choose, therefore, between a new leg here and three in heaven."

The poor fellow naturally decided to try to be content with one leg here that he might have only two hereafter.

The Mormons' idea of resurrection is sameness rather than identity. Hence, when an amputation is performed in the hospital or elsewhere the friends wait for the dismembered part, label it carefully, and bury it till its owner dies. Otherwise it would be travelling through space to find the body to which it belongs.

It was an old idea which still survives among them that a man's glory in heaven is in proportion to his "kingdom," which means his children here. Hence, a brother who died childless was often succeeded by a "proxy" husband, who took the widow to raise up children "for the dead."

Brigham Young showed his wisdom in many ways, and not least in directing the energies of his people to agriculture rather than mining. Had he permitted them to go into mining in the fifties, there never would have been the thrifty, prosperous, and beautiful valleys and well-laid out towns that now delight the eye in a country so recently a desert of sage-brush.

As this strange religion has become so important a factor in the development of our Western States and Territories, and is destined in some form, however modified, to continue to grow and spread among our people, it may be well at this point to give a brief *résumé* of its rise and progress. Like

every other institution, it has a history, and if many of its claims may seem to us apocryphal, some slight knowledge of its genius and spirit will at least enable us to understand it better.

It is safe to assume that the great mass of those who are classed as Mormons or Latter-Day Saints are honest and conscientious as religious people generally. The great sacrifices which, as we have seen, they are willing to make in attestation of their belief, the industry, thrift, and indefatigable energy which they have evinced in overcoming obstacles wellnigh insurmountable, the superb organization which holds them together as one mind and soul—all this challenges our respectful consideration, and leads us to ask, Whence and how did Mormonism come? The sect in its origin and growth presents one of the most interesting of all the religious phenomena of modern times.

Joseph Smith, its founder, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 23, 1805. He removed with his father during childhood, and settled near Palmyra, Wayne County, New York. Amid these wild forests he was reared a farmer, and inured to all the hardships, toils, and privations of a newly settled country. His education, therefore, was very limited. His followers claim that when about seventeen years of age he had several open visions in which a holy angel administered to him, admonished him for his sins, taught him repentance and faith in the crucified and risen Messiah, opened

to him the Scriptures of the prophets, unfolded to him the field of prophecy pertaining to the latter-day glory and the doctrines of Christ and His ancient apostles.

These followers further allege that on the 22d of September, 1827, the angel directed the youthful prophet to a hill a few miles distant, called anciently Cumorah. Around this hill in the fifth century of the Christian era had rallied the last remnant of a once powerful and highly polished nation called the Nephites. At the head of these was the renowned Mormon, the general of a hundred battles, and second in command General Moroni. These were the last prophets of a nation now no more. They held the sacred records, compiled and transmitted by their fathers from the remotest antiquity. They held the Urim and the Thummim and the compass of Lehi which had been prepared by Providence to guide a colony from Jerusalem to America.

In this hill, Cumorah, they had safely deposited all these sacred treasures. Here they lay concealed for fourteen hundred years; here the angel Moroni directed the young Joseph to find these long-buried revelations and with them the Urim and Thummim. The abridged record thus obtained had been engraved in Egyptian characters on gold plates by the two prophets Mormon and Moroni. Instructed by the angel and the use of the Urim and Thummim, Joseph, now a prophet and seer, was enabled to translate them. Early in 1830 this translation,

with the accompanying testimony, was published in English under the title of the Book of Mormon. It has since been translated and published in nearly all European languages.

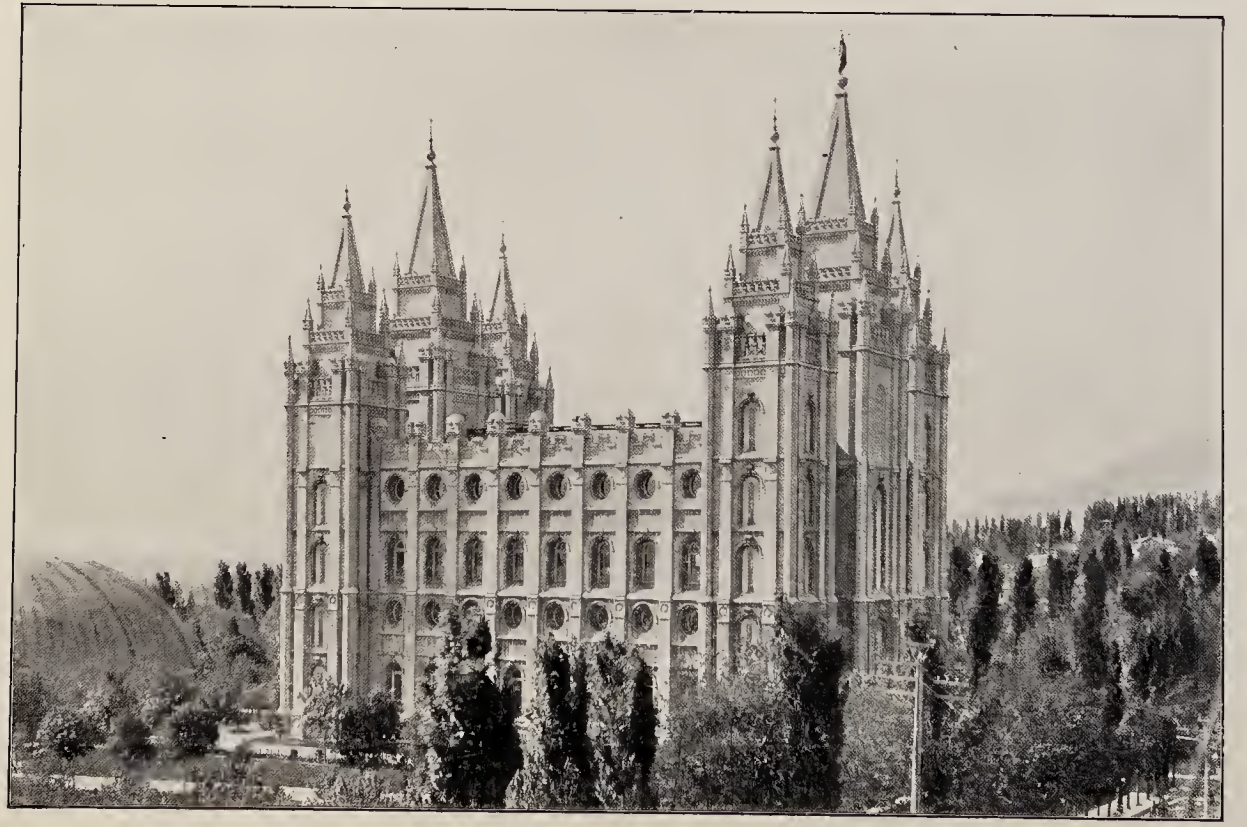
Joseph continued to receive visions, revelations, and the ministry of angels, by whom he was at length ordained to the apostleship or high priesthood, after the order of Melchizedec, to hold the keys of the kingdom of God, the dispensation of the fulness of time. Thus qualified, he proceeded in 1830 to organize the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. In the same year branches of the church were organized in various parts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and elsewhere, and the number of his disciples increased to upward of one thousand. In 1835 he ordained a quorum of twelve apostles and several quorums of seventy as a travelling ministry. In 1840 the quorum of the twelve apostles visited England, and gathered great numbers into the church.

It was between the years 1840 and 1844 that the prophet gathered about him many thousands of his disciples, erected the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi, and commenced the building of a magnificent temple. Coming into conflict with the civil authority on account of alleged polygamous practices the Mormons were driven from Illinois as they had been previously driven from Missouri. Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were thrown in prison at Carthage, Illinois,

on the charge of treason, and were killed as a result of an attack upon the jail by the infuriated populace. Wearied with long-continued persecution, the council of the apostles now determined to seek peace for the Saints among the far-off and almost unexplored deserts and mountains of the West.

On July 24, 1847, the pioneers of this vast emigration, headed by the president of the whole church, Brigham Young, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake. In the mean time, to quote from one of the Mormon historians, "The beautiful Nauvoo and its surrounding farms and villas fell a prey to the enemy, after a vigorous defence. Its temple, the pride and glory of America, was laid in ashes. Its last remnant plundered, robbed of their all, sick, destitute, wounded, bleeding, dying, at length disappeared beyond the horizon of the illimitable plains of the West, and for a moment the curtain of oblivion closed over this strange drama, and the Kingdom of God seemed lost to mortal view."

I have ventured thus to give this summary of the beginnings of this strange sect as a sort of historic setting for the remarks which follow, and as throwing some light on their beliefs and practices. It is not my purpose to enter fully into the discussion of their religious views, in which the public has but little interest, except to observe that among the various revelations which Joseph Smith claimed to receive from the Almighty was one sanctioning



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE

polygamy. This revelation bears the date of July 12, 1843.

As the civil laws of the United States, quite apart from questions of religion, make it a crime and misdemeanor for a man to have more than one wife at a time, it is not at all strange that Mormonism, with polygamy as one of its most cherished and characteristic beliefs, aroused, as soon as this became known, the most violent spirit of opposition in all true Americans. It was felt that the sacredness of the home and the purity of family life were seriously imperilled. Hence it was that the governors of our several States, especially those of Missouri and Illinois, where the disciples of Joseph Smith were intrenching themselves, felt called upon to rid their commonwealths of a grave menace to civilization.

The conflicts which ensued were inevitable, and resulted in expelling the Mormons from their borders into the uninhabited desert. Whether our government did not greatly err in tolerating the evil of polygamy among the Mormons for so many years after they went to Salt Lake is now scarcely debatable, but it was only a matter of time when the issue had to be squarely met and the practice put under the ban of the law.

Let us now consider their present attitude towards the government and our duty with reference to them as a people.

As to the practice of polygamy, enjoined by rev-

elation to Joseph Smith, their founder, in 1843, it must not be forgotten that another revelation distinctly repudiating polygamy came to President Woodruff, his successor, in 1890. This second revelation occurred very opportunely, and relieved the Mormon hierarchy of an embarrassing situation, for the government had now become fully aroused to the enormity of the practice, and had determined to put it down. Indeed, it was only on the expressed condition that polygamy should cease that Utah was admitted into the Union. It was a great advantage to have the iron-clad law of the land forbidding plural marriages backed up by the approving voice and sanction of the will of God as communicated by special revelation to the infallible head of the church. Nevertheless, many were the hardships involved in this radical change in social and domestic relations. Those men who had more than one wife, and that was the rule rather than the exception, especially among the well-to-do, had to select the wife first married as the lawful one and put away the others. But there rested on all such the moral obligation wisely recognized by the government, to still provide for and support the wives and children once recognized as a part of the family.

The government then addressed itself to the important duty of seeing that henceforth no more plural marriages should take place. And in this attitude the church was, theoretically, at least, in

sympathy with the States. Numerous instances, however, were found where the law of church and state was ignored, and the practice has died a very slow and gradual death. The public conscience has been somewhat shocked to find that high officials of the church when arraigned have unblushingly admitted that they were living with several wives. Just how extensive the practice of plural marriages has been since President Woodruff issued his manifesto forbidding it, would be difficult to judge from the evidence so far produced. For myself, I am clearly convinced that less than three per cent. at present care to practise polygamy, and they find that the risk of exposure is too great to attempt it.

Then, besides the ecclesiastical and civil barriers now imposed, two other considerations have increasing weight in eliminating polygamy. I refer, first, to the economical question involved. As the country is becoming more thickly settled, competition and the difficulty of living make increasing demand on one's resources. When one considers how much it costs the ordinary carpenter, laborer, mechanic, clerk, farmer, to keep the average American home with its regulation number of children, say one son and one daughter and one wife, it becomes evident that polygamy is a luxury for the few only, inside of Mormonism as it is outside; and that only the well-to-do classes can support two homes.

Add to the fact that every Mormon woman reckons her glory here and her joy in eternity on the basis of the number of children she can give her husband, and one can see that modern conditions alone will soon tend to make polygamy prohibitory.

But a second and more potent influence is the effect of education and contact with American civilization. It must be remembered that for years Mormonism was intrenched within itself. It was literally an *imperium in imperio.* Brigham Young considered it an impertinence on the part of the United States even to set foot on territory reserved exclusively, as he maintained, for the kingdom of the Latter-Day Saints. Nor did he hesitate to say as much in the most unequivocal language. The Mormons were practically isolated and cut off from the rest of the world. But they are no longer apart by themselves. The advent of the railroad and the telegraph has been followed by thousands of Americans who are pouring out West to establish homes in the fertile valleys which irrigation now makes available. In Salt Lake City to-day the Gentiles frequently carry the city elections over the Mormon vote. The disproportion of population in favor of the Saints is becoming less and less daily. They are destined ultimately to be out-voted and to surrender their political supremacy.

Meanwhile, many of the bright children, sons and daughters of the more prosperous families, are being sent East in large numbers, year by year, the young

men to Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and the young women to Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley colleges. However loyally these young people may cling to the religious traditions of their fathers, it is impossible to conceive of them as passing four or five years in the atmosphere and companionship of Christian homes without being made to see by contact the immeasurable difference in their environment. Indeed, those best qualified to know whereof they speak, assure us that in the last decade there has been going on among the young women of Utah and the Mormon allegiance generally, a growth of repugnance, amounting in many instances to loathing, at the very idea of polygamy. We are also informed that the young men are keeping pace with them in that regard.

Only recently I met a gentleman, himself a graduate of an Eastern university, who is a manager of a large industrial plant in southern Idaho, where the population is almost solidly Mormon. He informs me that the young men and women who make up a society of unusual intelligence in that community, cherish only sentiments of pity and contempt for the idea of plural marriages.

As I am writing this article, the question of permitting Senator Smoot, a Mormon apostle but not a polygamist, to retain his seat is now pending. It is at least significant that no charges are brought against him as to the purity of his family life. The real contention of this investigation now going on,

is that Senator Smoot represents not the people of Utah, but the Mormon hierarchy, and that he should be debarred from his seat in the Senate because he was nominated only after formally asking the consent of that hierarchy. Indeed, it is contended by those opposing him, with every show of proof, that he would have been opposed, defeated, and expelled from his office as an "apostle" if he had not promised implicit conformity with the church's views and objects politically. In other words, it is claimed that Senator Smoot is not a free agent, but the tool of a powerful ecclesiastical body within the body politic, which is openly and often defiantly upholding and even promoting flagrant violators of the law against living in polygamy.

When Brigham Roberts was refused admission to the House of Representatives it was because he was a confessed polygamist and not because he was a Mormon. Of course, the government recognizes no religious test, nor does it discriminate against any religious body *per se*.

This brings me to consider another important feature of the Mormon problem—namely, their political attitude to the State. Having lived among them for many years, I became convinced that the people voted almost to a man as the ecclesiastical authorities dictated. Whether a candidate up for election was a Democrat or a Republican mattered not in the least to the hierarchy. The question was, What is his attitude to our church, and what

favors for the church may we expect from him if he is elected? The church first, and political parties only as incidental; and this is fearfully near the other aphorism, "The church first, the country next." Of course, if the belief and practice of any religious body do not contravene the established laws of the republic, such a principle may be entirely harmless. But when a body of religious devotees holding the balance of power, use that power unscrupulously to maintain and shield violators of the law, it becomes pregnant with the gravest dangers. A prominent Western Senator has recently said that Mormonism controls the politics of the Rocky Mountain region, and he sees in that fact a serious menace to liberty and the rights of the individual. He is entirely right as long as the present spirit with reference to politics dominates the Mormon people. There will be no peace for Mormonism in America and no peace for the country till the individual Mormon asserts his right to civil and political liberty. He must cease to be an automaton, and learn to become a man and an American citizen.

Now, a few words finally as to the future of Mormonism. Most people who know personally little of the real conditions that obtain in the West think of Mormonism as polygamy. It means to them that and nothing more. But the two terms are far from being synonymous. There was a time when polygamy was the distinctive doctrine of Mor-

monism. Now it is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is being relegated to the dark ages. As we have already seen, the coming hosts of young men and women who will control its future will no longer tolerate it. They have already scorned and repudiated it, not so much because the law of church and state condemns it, but because the law of the human heart, as soon as that heart has a little ray of light shed upon it, also condemns it. The man with more than one wife is fast becoming an object of ridicule to Mormon girls. The poor wives themselves are fit objects of compassion. The bright, independent young women now coming forward and the rank and file of the young men alike despise it. We may say the snake of polygamy among the Latter-Day Saints is not only scotched, it has had its day, and is now dead or dying.

But how about Mormonism itself? Will it die? No. It will daily increase in strength—at least, for a period of years. In efficiency of organization it is the most pervasive and comprehensive hierarchy that the world has known. Its missionary enthusiasm and its missionary sacrifices often put to shame the zeal of our Christian churches. I am convinced that the common people among them, the masses, are tremendously in earnest. I believe they are sincere. They believe as implicitly in Joseph Smith as the prophet of God as we do that Christ is sent of God to be the Saviour of men.

They do not question the truth of "revelations" made to their leaders. They are absolutely assured that all truth is with them, and the rest of the world is wrong. They regard themselves as the chosen of God, a peculiar people, basking in the sunshine of the Divine favor continually. Such assurance seems to us ridiculous, but it is their religion, and they believe it with all their hearts.

They give one-tenth of all they make to the support of the church. Hence, as a Corporation they are enormously rich. In Pocatello, Idaho, I was entertained by a railroad superintendent, who was receiving thirty-five hundred dollars a year and who contributed three dollars a month to the support of his parish, and thought himself very generous. His Mormon servant, a young man, whom he paid forty-five dollars a month, told me that he gladly gave four and a half dollars each month to the church, and that did not include his free-will offerings.

The Mormon question will gradually settle itself. Its immediate future will be largely influenced by the attitude of our people and the government towards it. Contact with the world will soften and gradually purify and cleanse its worst features. Often Mormonism has been misjudged. Religious fanaticism under the name of Christianity has not infrequently done more harm than good in dealing with these strange, deluded people. The Mormons are a small body, numbering less than a half-million. They are below the average of Americans in intelli-

gence, but they are destined to become American citizens, and ought to be encouraged to enter into the spirit and genius of American citizenship. They are progressing rapidly in enlightenment, and every year marks a great gain. With all their faults, they are our brethren—human beings whose chief misfortune is that they are walking in darkness. Let us bring them to see the light.

The individual Mormon is far better than his religion. His religion is a strange mixture of truth and error, of superstition and grotesque fiction. It is a sort of perverted and corrupted Christianity. But having lived among the Mormons, and coming more or less into contact with them, socially and religiously, I am prepared to say that as friends, neighbors, citizens, and members of society, the Mormon of to-day is greatly in advance of Mormonism as a religious system. In the common instincts of humanity the present-day Mormon resembles very closely other people. He is a good husband and father. He is honest and truthful. He rarely, if ever, indulges even in tobacco, and never drinks; for temperance, meaning total abstinence, is a foundation pillar in his faith. No one ever thinks of locking his door at night when among the Mormons, and nowhere is the personal safety of the individual or the security of his property more absolutely guaranteed. They love each other, and treat their Gentile friends with uniform courtesy and respectful consideration. They pay the greatest rev-

erence to those in authority over them, and cherish the profoundest respect for the memory of their dead heroes, saints, and martyrs.

Mormonism will survive, but not the Mormonism of to-day—still less that of twenty-five years ago. Some day it will be so changed and modified with the leaven of the Christian Gospel that it will be respectable among the various religious bodies of the land. Not denunciation, not persecution, not blind and undiscriminating hatred and prejudice, but the spirit of a wise, gentle, Christian judgment will hasten the day of its renaissance and reform into a purer environment.

If the Christian people of this great republic, the churches with money and the broad-minded philanthropists among us, really wish to help solve the Mormon problem, let them turn on the light and thus help us to drive away the darkness. Let a Christian church be built in every town and in every village. And then, for this is scarcely less important, let these churches be in the control of men of broad-minded and generous sympathy. The petty, narrow, bigoted man, who is the ecclesiastic and nothing more, will do harm rather than good. But for the man who can get at his Mormon brother's point of view, and is big enough to believe him just as honest and just as sincere as himself, there is abundant opportunity for a helpful and illuminating work. Then schools are needed. Let the church plant and generously sustain Christian

schools, with teachers who have loving hearts and much faith. Where, finally, would well-selected libraries to attract the young people, now at last wakening up to the privileges of culture and education, do a more blessed work? The night is far spent, the day is almost at hand.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RED-MAN AND UNCLE SAM

IN the missionary district allotted to me as bishop, comprising the whole of Wyoming and Idaho, there were several Indian reservations. In Wyoming there was the Wind River Reservation, ceded by solemn contract to the Indians by our government nearly forty years ago. The reservation included within its area a large body of land in the valley of the Wind River in central Wyoming, extending about one hundred miles north and south and an equal distance east and west, or ten thousand square miles altogether, making a total of over six millions of acres. Parts of two tribes were located on this magnificent domain — namely, the Shoshones, to whom was assigned the northern, and the Arapahoes, who occupied the southern half. As these tribes had been to a certain extent hereditary foes, some apprehension was felt lest their close proximity might lead to a renewal of hostilities. But it is a pleasant duty to record that, on the whole, their relations have been friendly, although each has steadfastly maintained its tribal exclusiveness and has as little dealings one with the other as possible.

No Arapahoe maiden would think of wedding a Shoshone youth, or *vice versa.* It goes without saying that each tribe is proudly conscious of its vast superiority to the other, and is wont to regard its neighbor with ill-disguised contempt.

Both can justly boast of a history replete with heroic achievements and martial deeds. Both have given birth to noted chieftains whose valor still inspires them. Few Indian warriors have been more worthy of admiration and won their leadership by greater inherent power and genius than Black Coal, of the Arapahoes, or the venerable Washakie, of the Shoshones.

In physical form and feature the contrast between the two tribes is quite marked, so that even a casual observer soon learns to discriminate the one from the other. The Arapahoe is uniformly taller, with a face rather more open and intelligent than the Shoshone; while the latter is more stolid, and in countenance suggests the cunning and rather secretive traits, combined with courage, for which he is famous.

The religious care of these two tribes was committed by General Grant to the Episcopal Church when he parcelled out the various reservations among the churches during his administration. While this distribution on the part of the President was intended to be fair, and aimed to provide for the spiritual interests of the Indians, it did not give permanent and exclusive control to any religious

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, BOISÉ, IDAHO

body. Hence, as time advanced, the Roman Catholics have been led to establish a mission and school among the Arapahoes which has accomplished excellent results.

During my episcopate in the West it was my privilege to erect a large school building for the education of Indian girls. The money to secure this result was given in response to my appeals to Christian friends of the Indian in the East.

When at last the success of the enterprise had been assured, a day was appointed for the laying of the corner-stone. The Indians naturally felt very grateful to me for my interest in the education of their children, and proposed to celebrate the corner-stone-laying by giving me a feast. The two chiefs, Washakie and Black Coal, therefore waited on the Indian agent and laid the matter before him. They told him that the big chief of the White Robes (referring to me) had secured funds wherewith to build them a school for their children and their childrens' children; and that he was coming on a certain Saturday to lay the corner-stone; that they proposed to give the bishop a banquet in recognition of his kindness, and that they had come to him to ask him for the oxen for the bishop's feast. Cattle on the reservation belonging to the government could only be killed by the agent's consent.

"How many oxen do you wish to kill for the bishop?" the agent inquired.

"Three," said the chiefs. "The bishop heap big man. He heap eat."

"Very well," said the agent, "you may kill three oxen for the bishop."

The feast itself was a memorable affair. Both tribes were largely represented. Of course, I had to make a speech. But as I could not speak a word of Arapahoe or of Shoshone, and my audience could not understand English, I had to have two interpreters, one for each tribe. The Rev. John Roberts, my faithful missionary, suggested to me that it would be well if I should write out my speech in full. He also tried to impress upon my mind the necessity of using the very simplest language and of being exceedingly brief. I therefore sat down and expressed as plainly as I could on paper my pleasure in being present on such an auspicious occasion, and hoped that the proposed school building would prove a great blessing to their children, and that the parents would see to it that all their little ones secured a good education. I also reminded them that religion and the love of God would be taught there so that their girls would become good and useful wives and mothers.

After I had finished, the clergyman, with great hesitation and modesty, asked if he could read what I had written. I shall never forget the look of hopeless despair that spread over his countenance as he proceeded. At last he said:

"Bishop, will you pardon my presumption if I

say that this will never do? The sentiments are all right, but the interpreters know but little English, and they will never be able to understand your language."

I begged him to run his pencil through the manuscript, and simplify and change it as he thought best. When he handed it back to me I felt like a school-boy whose first composition had been corrected by the teacher. Even with all his care I had a difficult time of it. It was possible to utter a few words only at a time and then pause; when first the Arapahoe interpreter struggled with it, and as soon as the meaning had fully dawned upon his intelligence, he would turn around and translate it to his people. Then I had to repeat slowly the same simple words to the Shoshone interpreter, who would go through a similar performance, and the aid of the missionary would frequently be necessary to illuminate the meaning. I was most grateful that my speech was no longer, for it seemed an interminable length of time before I got through. But the loud grunts and exclamations of approval with which they punctuated my sentences as I proceeded gave me no little encouragement.

At the close of the function the big chiefs came up and extended their hands to thank me for all that had been done.

The mention of this school leads me to say that the government has made and is making most liberal provision for the education of the red-man.

On nearly all the reservations large and well-equipped stone or brick school-houses have been erected, and the law of compulsory education, strictly enforced, brings the elements of a good common-school education within the reach of all. In many instances boarding and day schools are conducted by the various religious bodies, thus supplementing the excellent work of the government schools and imparting to the young a knowledge of Christian truth.

Moreover, it is frequently the aim of these schools to teach not only the text-books usually pursued, but also to impart much useful technical knowledge. The boys are made familiar with the use of tools and taken through a course of manual-training, and also taught the scientific principles of farming. The girls are instructed, under kind and competent teachers, to cut out and make garments, to make lace, to cook and wash, and to be neat and orderly in their habits. Indeed, with both sexes the object constantly aimed at is to send forth the young from the schools fitted and equipped to support themselves, and to take their places in American life and civilization as useful members of society.

So far as the education of the young is concerned, I do not hesitate to say that no criticism can justly lie against the United States government as to its attitude towards that important question. When one considers how excellent the schools are, and how wise and generous the provisions of the State

for the education of the children, he is led to wonder at the very slow progress the Indian has made for the last fifty years along the path of independence and self-support.

Why, then, has not the red-man advanced more rapidly?

In answering this question I do not hesitate to say that the reservation system adopted by our government is largely responsible for the fact that the Indian has practically stood still—retaining his savage habits and customs and acquiring little knowledge to aid him in the struggle of life. Indeed, by this system he has been kept in ignorance of the problem of self-support. It ought to have been apparent to our government that any race, overpowered by a stronger and more intelligent race, constantly driven to sections more and more isolated, their means of subsistence destroyed and the inferior race finally disarmed and fenced in, and kept apart by themselves, where in order to live they must be fed and clothed and cared for like so many prisoners or slaves, must inevitably remain *in statu quo.* That has been the policy of our government. We have said to the red-man: "You are not fit for citizenship and the responsibilities of civilized life. You are a lot of treacherous and dangerous savages, and we propose to keep you from harming us by driving you as far as we can from the haunts of decent men, and then penning you in by yourselves and keeping you there. If you leave your reserva-

tion we shall drive you back at the point of the bayonet. We shall not allow the white man to come near you or disturb you, and you shall have no contact with him. To keep you quiet, we will clothe you and feed you at no cost whatever to yourselves. To eat and sleep and stay within your pens is all we ask of you."

To our national shame, it must be said that we have frequently broken faith with these poor people, and demoralizing and wretched as was our contract with them, we have not always kept it. Again and again as the tide of population has gone westward the Indian reservation has been surrounded by the farms and villages of the white man, and the government has yielded to the greed and rapacity of our people, and has said to the red-man: "These lands of yours are very valuable, and we need them for our own people. You must move farther west. We shall give you a new reservation, and you must sell this one. The money shall be yours, and with it we shall build you schools and supply you with farming implements." And so the guileless and untutored ward of Uncle Sam has pulled up stakes and moved on, realizing that to resist would be utterly unavailing. And so it has happened that the American Indian has been transformed from a savage brave and fearless and free, full of adventure and rejoicing in his wild and nomadic life, to a savage broken in spirit, cringing before the white man whom he has been taught to hate and distrust,

every motive and means of improvement deliberately taken from him. Can we blame him for not learning our ways when by our own act we segregate him completely from us and keep him where he has no chance even of observing how the white man lives?

Granted that in the earlier years of our contact with the Indian it was for a time necessary to keep him thus separate to save him from extermination, surely no one will now claim that it was either necessary, or wise, or statesmanlike to perpetuate such a system anywhere, one day longer than the best interests of the Indian justified. No people on the face of the earth so treated could help being demoralized and losing their self-respect. The wonder is that after so many decades of such treatment on our part they are not hopelessly ruined.

The late Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who gave much of his life during the earlier years of his episcopate to the Indian cause, said: "I submit to every man the question, whether the time has not come for a nation to hear the cry of wrong, if not for the sake of the heathen, then for the sake of the memory of our friends whose bones are bleaching on our prairies." Nearly a half-century ago Helen Hunt Jackson closed the preface of her *Century of Dishonor* with these words: "It is a shame which the American nation ought not to lie under, for the American people, as a people, are not unjust. If there be one thing which they believe in more than

any other, and mean that every man on this continent shall have, it is fair-play. And as soon as they fairly understand how cruelly it has been denied to the Indian, they will rise up and demand it for him."

Has the reservation system been abandoned?

That the government has slowly been awakened to the injustice of the system so inevitably calculated to demoralize the Indian and rob him of all prospect of self-support and self-respect, we may now confidently assert. A better day is dawning for this unfortunate people. The policy of the government as now plainly and positively announced is to break up the reservations. The method adopted in brief is the following: A commission is appointed by the government to reside on the several reservations and confer with the Indians until a satisfactory adjustment can be arrived at. One hundred and sixty acres of land are allotted to the head of the family and eighty acres in addition to each member of the family. These allotments are not made arbitrarily but in furtherance of the individual preference of the Indians in each case. After all the land has thus been allotted, in severalty, to the various families on the reservation, there is, of course, a very large acreage of unallotted land to be sold to the highest bidder. The government wisely superintends the sale of the Indian lands, and the proceeds go into a fund for the benefit of the tribe. Such objects as schools, farming imple-

ments, irrigating ditches and better equipment generally being chiefly considered.

Worthy Indians have nothing to fear and much to hope for from the proximity of the white man settled and domiciled in large numbers in his very midst, his rights being safeguarded by the paternal interest and care of Uncle Sam. The Indian Office in Washington, through its Indian resident representative, now called superintendent, and special disbursing agent and his employés, is doing all in its power, sparing neither money or means to aid and encourage the Indians to build up their home farms and ranches. The material aid which will at first be given will not long be needed, but the supervision of the superintendent and his assistants will be required for some years to come.

In the case of the reservations with which I am personally familiar, the very anticipation of having their lands divided up, in severalty, has had a most wholesome effect. There the majority of the Indians have already learned or are steadily learning to adopt the white men's habits as to farming and taking care of themselves. Many of them have good farms, with crops of from ten to twenty acres of grain, and in some instances far more, with an equal amount of hay.

Despite the discouraging conditions to which I have alluded, the cause of religion and morality has been much advanced among the Indians. For this result much credit must be given the government

schools, where intelligent and sympathetic teachers have done much to elevate the tone of their pupils. The efforts of the government in this direction have also been largely reinforced by the various churches whose educational work has been noteworthy.

Polygamy, which was formerly prevalent, is now forbidden by the Indian Office. While the older couples who have lived as man and wife for many years are advised to be legally united in marriage, the younger people are not allowed to marry otherwise than in due form and after license issued by the United States superintendent.

The whole country is to be congratulated in having as the commissioner of Indian affairs, so sane and efficient and sympathetic a friend of the red-man as Mr. Francis Leupp. It is no disparagement to any of his predecessors in that most important office — and some of them have been excellent Christian gentlemen—to say that in Mr. Leupp the government has a representative who really knows the Indian problem and how to handle it, and who also has the courage of his convictions. He has gained his knowledge not by reading sentimental books about Indian wrongs, but by twenty years of intimate contact with the red-man himself. His splendid gifts are consecrated to the cause of ameliorating the condition of this unhappy people, and his method is as widely differentiated from that of his predecessors as day from night.

It is the method which has for its underlying

motive the conviction that the Indian must become, as soon as possible, no longer a distinct and separate charge upon the government, an unassimilated race having no part in its affairs, but thoroughly identified with its life and work. To this end he would have him learn to labor and pay for his own bread by the sweat of his brow. Here are some of his practical suggestions: He says, "As fast as an Indian of either mixed or full blood is capable of taking care of himself it is our duty to set him upon his feet and sever forever the ties which bind him either to his tribe—in the communal sense—or to the government. This principle must become operative in respect to both land and money. We must end the un-American absurdity of keeping one class of our people in a condition of so many undivided portions of a common lump. Each Indian must be recognized as an individual and so treated, just as each white man is. . . . Thanks to the late Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, we have for eighteen years been individualizing the Indian as an owner of real estate by breaking up, one at a time, the reservations set apart for whole tribes and establishing each Indian as a separate landholder on his own account: thanks to John F. Lacey, of Iowa, I hope that we shall soon be making the same sort of division of the tribal funds. At first, of course, the government must keep its protecting hand on every Indian's property after it has been assigned to him by book and deed; then

as one or another shows himself capable of passing out from under this tutelage he should be set fully free and given 'the white man's chance,' with the white man's obligation to balance it.

"Finally, we must strive in every way possible to make the Indian an active factor in the up-building of the community in which he is going to live. The local frontier theory that he is a sort of necessary nuisance, surviving from a remote period, like the sage-brush and the giant cactus, must be dispelled, and the way to dispel it is to turn him into a positive benefit. In short, our aim ought to be to keep him moving steadily down the path which leads from his close domain of artificial restraints and artificial protection towards the broad area of individual liberty enjoyed by the ordinary citizen. The process of general readjustment must be gradual, but it should be carried forward as fast as it can be with presumptive security for the Indian's little possessions. . . . The leading-strings which have tied the Indian to the Treasury ever since he began to own anything of value have been a curse to him. They have kept him an economic nursling long past the time when he ought to have been able to take a few steps alone. The tendency of whatever crude training in money matters he has had for the last half-century has been towards making him an easy victim to such waves of civic heresy as swept over the country in the early nineties. That is not the sort of politics into which we wish the

Indian to plunge as he assumes the responsibilities of citizenship."

Agreeably to this most sensible policy, the allotment of land to each Indian on the Wind River Reservation is now practically completed. A few of the disaffected old-timers have refused to accept allotments, but in every case their wives and children have taken them, so that there are only a few without allotments.

The land is selected by the Indians themselves. To those few who have refused to select, allotments will probably be assigned. There is plenty of good land for all, and when the diminished or unsold portion of the reservation is thrown open to settlement, according to the present policy of the government, there will be thousands of acres of good land left to be located by settlers.

The ceded portion of the Shoshone Reservation was thrown open to settlement on August 15, 1906. The effect cannot but be beneficial to the Indian in every way. First, in that it will bring civilization nearer his home and give him constantly an object-lesson as to modern methods of agriculture, and the care of stock, and the thrift of the white man generally.

Again, the sale of these surplus lands will provide means for the improvement of the Indians' allotments in the way of funds for the construction of irrigating canals and ditches for their farms, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the purchase-money having

been set aside by the treaty for that one purpose. Fifty thousand dollars of the same funds have been appropriated for schools. The balance is to be used to constitute a general welfare and improvement fund to be expended for the benefit of the Indians in the way they may in council direct and the secretary of the interior may approve. The Indians on this reservation will also be made glad this fall by the distribution of fifty dollars in cash per capita.

Thousands of dollars have already been expended by the government in the construction of irrigating canals and ditches for the Indian allotments, and this year one hundred thousand dollars more is available for the same purpose. This money is advanced by the government, to be refunded by the proceeds of the sale of lands already ceded.

Moreover, every allotment of arable land made to an Indian is either now or will be ere long under ditch so that it can be irrigated. The canals and lateral ditches are being constructed by the Indians themselves, with their teams, under the supervision of experienced engineers. Great numbers of Indians of both tribes are at this present moment thus employed under pay of one dollar and a half per day and three dollar per day for man and team.

It would not be possible to place all the reservation under ditch. The western line or boundary is the summit of the main range of the Rocky Mountains or Continental Divide. But what cannot be

irrigated is valuable timber or grazing land, containing also much mineral and coal and oil.

When the reservation was set apart for the Shoshones, Chief Washakie insisted on having mountains and rivers as boundaries. When it was suggested to him by the United States commissioners sent out to treat with him that the future home of his tribe would be defined by latitude and longitude, or, as they tried to explain to Washakie, by the stars, the veteran chief replied with a twinkle in his eye: "By-and-by, by-and-by, I hope we may all meet there"—pointing heavenward—"but, for the present, give me mountains and rivers for the boundaries of my home."

Is the Indian religious? Undoubtedly. There is no race by nature more deeply religious than the red-man. Religion, as he conceives it, enters into every relation of life. This is far from saying that he is a Christian as yet. But it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the story of the cross appeals strongly to his imagination, and he yields himself readily to the power and fascination of the Gospel of Christ. Among the marvels of Christian triumph during the last half-century none is more remarkable than the great work of evangelization accomplished by Bishop Hare among the twenty thousand Sioux in South Dakota. He has scores of congregations, with native Indian catechists and clergy, and their progress in all that goes to make earnest and faithful disciples of Christ is

beyond question. Of course, it takes time and much faith and patience to accomplish such results. Bishop Hare has been among the Sioux for over thirty years. In their native faith, before they accept Christianity, there are certain general beliefs, but the religious practices of the various tribes differ more or less.

The Shoshones are rather more superstitious than religious. They are not as devout naturally as some other tribes, but light-hearted, happy-go-lucky people, who take even death with a laugh. The Arapahoes, on the other hand, are far more religious and devout, confidently believing that they, and they alone, are God's chosen people, heirs of salvation and of the life everlasting in "our home." Indeed, in many respects their religion is similar to that of the Old Testament and God's covenant with the children of Israel. They have the story of the creation, the entrance of death into the world, and the promise of redemption. They also believe in the resurrection of the body and eternal life. Moreover, they look for a savior of their race. Their religious ceremonies and sacred rites remind one forcibly of the ancient Hebrews and of the idolatry of the Canaanites combined. They are without doubt the remnant of an ancient people who, according to their own traditions, crossed over from the "old earth" to this "new earth" by way of the northwest, passing over frozen water. They came hither to escape oppression; for their country was taken, they them-

SHOSHONE INDIAN MISSION, NEAR FORT WASHAKIE, WYOMING

selves were cruelly treated, and their children slain by "strangers," the Gentiles. This is the name by which they now designate the whites. The word "pale face" has no place in their language or in that of the Shoshones, nor have the expressions "great spirit," "happy hunting-ground," and other time-honored phrases.

The Shoshones have a simple religion. They call the Creator "Our Father," and believe in the transmigration of souls after death in the land beyond the setting sun, which they claim is their home. They formerly practised suttee, but now the favorite horse of the deceased is claimed instead of the widow. Their dominant religious conviction, however, is the constant dread of a visible demon, manikin in shape. Their medicine-men claim to see him, and he shoots at them with flint-tipped arrows. All their misfortunes and illnesses they ascribe to this nemesis. This superstition probably had its origin in the existence of a pygmy race of aborigines concerning whom both tribes have definite and reliable traditions. A great many of their customs are identical with those of the East Indians or Hindus given by Abbé Dubois in his *Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*. The religious customs of both tribes bear out the truth that the cradle of the human race was in the Orient.

As with us whites we look to the East whence we came, so the Shoshone looks to the West. Ere he rolls himself up in his blanket for the night, he goes

through his simple vesper devotions, consisting of a plaintive, low whistle, accompanied with a little jigging dance, with his face towards the sunset, for there, he says, is his home land. From the West, too, he looks for the great pilgrim host at the return of the dead.

So also to the Arapahoe the Northwest is the sacred quarter. With his face set in that direction he beats upon his breast when in distress, and offers his propitiatory sacrifice with prayers fervent and strong.

During the earlier period of the ghost-dance, or the so-called "Messiah craze," of the fall of 1886, there was great excitement on the Wind River Reservation. This was before the craze had reached other tribes. The Indians assembled and danced frantically all night long for weeks together. Runners had arrived with the startling news that the great host of the dead was advancing from the West, and that "Our Father," God, was with them leading them on. At that time extensive forest-fires in the mountains near by filled these valleys with a smoky haze, and the sky for weeks at sunset was a flaming red. These phenomena added weight to the strange tidings brought them, and the Indians were insane with excitement and expectation. Visiting Indians who came from other tribes caught the contagion and enthusiasm, and returned home full of fervor to spread the news far and wide. Indeed, the Wind River Reservation was the Mecca of

the ghost-dancers, the cardinal doctrines of whose faith were the return of the dead to life again, the emancipation of the Indians by the restoration of the grand old times, the return of the buffalo which once roamed by thousands on the plain, and, above all, the utter annihilation of the white man.

Any review of the native religion of the Indian would be imperfect that failed to reckon with the medicine-man. He still has power as a religious factor, not so much as a teacher of heathenism as one supposed to be able to diagnose diseases and to prescribe means to overcome baneful influences and the work of evil spirits which cause sickness and misfortune. For instance, a gopher (a diminutive sort of prairie-dog) has drawn near a tepee at night, and cast a spell over a whole family; or a wolf has howled on a neighboring bluff, and thus called a member of the family away from earth. It is a serious case, and a horse must be sacrificed in the mountains to break this spell of the gopher, or a wolf-skin has to be procured and hung up in the tepee to checkmate its companion of the evil howl. Sometimes the medicine-man may pretend to be puzzled with a case. He decides that he must fall into a trance and explore in the land of the dead where all things are known and ascertain the cause of the sickness or calamity and find a remedy. Presently he wakes up and has a marvellous tale to tell. Should he have a streak of good luck, and many of his patients recover, "the power" or

"medicine" is strong within him, and he has a large practice, and many horses and other fees are paid him. Should he unfortunately lose his patients he claims that his "power" is in abeyance, and he retires from practice for a season until he becomes charged with the "power" again.

Arapahoe medicine-men also hypnotize their patients occasionally, and sometimes resort to faith-cure. With massage, blowing chewed roots from his mouth on the bare body of the patient like a Chinaman dampening his clothes, he also makes use of a peculiar way of cupping—sucking with his lips the blood through the skin of the sick person. So strong is this suction that for many days the portion of the body thus treated will remain bloodshot and bruised. Herb teas are also administered by them, often with very beneficial effects.

Each medicine-man has qualified in a way peculiarly his own. The most famous one now on the reservation claims that he got his diploma from the powers of the air. One day, lying down in his tepee, he heard a noise from above calling him by name. Stepping outside he saw a "paper" floating down through the air towards him. He at once ran up one of the slender tepee poles like a chipmunk, and standing tiptoe on its topmost end reached out and seized the document as it passed by. Thus, he says, he got his "papers."

Another says that he was made a medicine-man in his youth. He was left an orphan, friendless and

very poor. One day he travelled out on a wide plain alone to bemoan his fate. There he seated himself and wept and wailed. Looking up, he saw squatting by him an eagle, a bear, and a badger, these three. Being asked by them why he wept, he told them his tale of woe. They bade him be of good cheer, for they would make of him a medicine-man. Thereupon the eagle plucked off one of his talons and presented it to him, saying: "By this I bestow on you all knowledge that is *above* the earth." The bear likewise handed him one of her claws, endowing him with all knowledge *on* the earth, and finally the badger, bowing, passed him one of his claws, thus giving him the key to the knowledge of all things *under* the earth. "Here they are," said Wolf-foot (for that is his name), pointing to the three claws he had on a buckskin string around his neck.

The more intelligent Indians and all those who have been educated in our schools believe in the salutary effect of the treatment of the white man's doctor, and seek his help in sickness. Of the others, only the very old and superstitious still cling to the medicine-man.

This brings me to consider, finally, one objection against educating the Indian children. It is said that when they return to the reservation, after being graduated from our schools in the East or elsewhere, they resume their blankets and relapse into their old ways and savage customs. This is often par-

tially true; and it will continue to be the case as long as the reservation is the only destination of the young man or woman who returns from the school. It were unreasonable to expect it to be otherwise. To compel such young people to go back and live among those who still retain Indian customs and dress, with the hope that they will steadfastly adhere to the dress of the hated white man, is absurd. Such youth are exposed to ridicule and taunts, until, life becoming intolerable, they simply yield to the pressure, and cease the struggle of being peculiar and obnoxious to their own people. The fact that they assume again the dress of the Indian does not necessarily mean that their school-training is lost upon them. As with the white man, so with the Indian, the outward dress and appearance does not constitute the man, and we may be sure that the educated boy or girl never sinks to the same level he once occupied before his school-days. But when the reservation system is broken up—and let us rejoice that it is now rapidly disappearing—the educated youth will return to a community quite different from that which has hitherto awaited him. He will go back to live where his neighbors and companions will be chiefly white people; and having learned at the schools the white man's life and understood its advantages, he will continue to live that life, and intelligently and sympathetically commend it to his own people.

Under the new régime the day of the tepee and

blanket is doomed; as the old order passes away the coming generations will catch the spirit of the new era awaiting the red-man, and will gradually become incorporated into our body politic, until at last the Indian's separate individuality as a race will become a memory of the past.

THE END

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